


WILL THE BRITISH EMPIRE STAND OR FALL? By J. Ellis Barker.

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THE PALE WORKER

(DER BLEICHER APRETER.)

(From the Yiddish of Morris Rosenfeld.)

Lo! yonder I see the pale worker,
 Stitch, stitch, without pause, with-
 out stay,
 Since first I remember him, stitching,
 And paler and weaker each day.

The slow months roll on in their
 courses,
 The years are as days that have
 been,
 And still the pale worker, bent double,
 Fights hard with the cruel machine.

I stand and I gaze on his features,
 On his face with the sweat and the
 soil,
 Ah! it is not the strength of the body,
 'Tis the spirit that spurs him to toil.

But from dawn till the sunset and
 darkness,
 The tear-drops fall heavy and slow.
 Till the seams of the cloth he is stitch-
 ing
 Are wet with the vintage of woe.

I pray you, how long must he drive it.
 This wheel that is red for a sign?
 Can you reckon the years of his bond-
 age,
 And the end—that grim secret—
 divine?

Too hard are such questions to answer,
 But this I am bold to declare,—
 When Death shall have slain the pale
 worker,
 Another will sit in his chair.

B. Paul Neuman.

The Spectator.

IN THE FOREST.

Though I have borne the brunt of 'bat-
 tled spears
 Unflinching; 'neath these boughs that
 writhe and twist,
 My heart is as a wren's heart when
 she hears
 The litch-owl calling through the even-
 ing mist;

And falters frail—a thing of fluttering
 fears—
 Before some shadow-plumed antago-
 nist.

Quaking, I ride; yet know not what I
 dread.
 Naught stirs the boding silence save
 the sound
 Of beechmast crackling 'neath my
 horse's tread,
 Or some last leaf that rustles to the
 ground;
 And long it seemeth since the sun,
 blood-red
 In sea on sea of night-black boughs
 was drowned.

Yet dark has not yet fallen; wavering
 gloom
 Sweeps through the brake, and brims
 each hollow dank;
 Empty of light the stirless pine trees
 loom
 Against the glistening sky; and gray
 and lank
 The shadows rise, as ghosts from out
 the tomb,
 And, closing, follow at my horse's
 flank.

But them I fear not; nor the beasts
 that lurk
 Beneath the cavernous branches,
 crouching low,
 Whose famished eyes burn on me
 through the mirk;
 Spell-bound they spring not; 'neath the
 cleaver's blow,
 Their desperate fangs would snatch
 the blinded stirk
 Yet quail before the doom to which I
 go—

The unknown, death-plumed horror
 that at last
 From its old ambush in the heart of
 night,
 Leagued with long-thwarted perils of
 the past,
 Shall swoop upon me with unswerving
 flight.
 Drink, while ye may, the light that
 fades so fast,
 O eyes, that shall not see the morning
 light!

Wilford Wilson Gibson.

The Academy.

PEASANT STUDIES IN FRENCH FICTION.*

Arcadian peasants, the porcelain figurines of the eighteenth century, *berger* and *bergère* of tinted ivory, in their green-room setting of well-watered meadow and shady woodland; the gentle shepherd with crook and panpipe, the shepherdess with white-fleeced flock and beribboned distaff, "Robin et Marion," breathed their last when modern fiction supplanted the old lyric travesties of village and rural life. Inanimate effigies too far removed from reality even to counterfeit nature, they were swept away like faded paper flowers, and relegated to the dusty indignities of unremembered shelves where the muse dear to one generation of readers is, according to time-honored custom, consigned by the next. Their doom was a foregone conclusion; the root of stability, truth to a living model, was lacking. The aim of the pastoralists had been to present that aspect, and only that aspect, of rusticity which they imagined could be endowed with romance or invested with—as they conceived of poetry—poetic glamor. Their method was to engraft mental preconceptions of beauty and grace upon "things as they are." They created with adventitious adornings a type whose refinement and charm were an artificial response to an artificial

aestheticism of taste, and their process was based upon the assumption that it is the office of art to superimpose poetry on nature. They left it to their successors to enunciate the converse doctrine: that it is the function of the artist to draw poetry from nature and to elicit from existing actualities the poetry they enclose and emanate. "Dégager l'idéal du réel" became the dictum of the new schoolmen, who in their turn were destined to view the advent of a later creed when a total divorce was effected between the ideal of beauty and the presentment of truth.

Pastoralism died, without hope of resurrection, and for a period the peasant, as a theme in art, lay in abeyance; nor, when after the lapse of years, "on découvrirait de nouveau le paysan et le village comme on les avait déjà découverts une fois à la fin du 18ième siècle," was any single feature of the older type rejuvenated. The whole sentiment of pre-Revolution days was revoked; the levity, the wit, lavished on scenes and dialogues drawn from rural life, had vanished; the colored glasses through which peasant and laborer, cottager and villager, were viewed, were broken. The new literary epoch testified to a more vigorous grasp on life and the actualities of life. The peasant's countenance, his gesture, his environment, were delineated from a totally changed standpoint; gaiety, or what bore a somewhat dubious likeness to it, had passed away; the light-hearted loves and ephemeral sorrows of the village-green tradition were supplanted by serious, often by disastrous, passions. The peasant had ceased to be the toy of art, he had become in literature, as in fact, a social, political or philanthropic problem, and his discov-

* 1 "La Mare au Diable." Par George Sand. Paris, 1851.

2 "Les Paysans." Par H. de Balzac. Paris, 1845.

3 "L'Ensorcelée." Par Barbey d'Aurevilly. Paris, 1864.

4 "Un Cœur Simple." (Trois Contes.) Par Gustave Flaubert. Paris, 1877.

5 "La Fille de Ferme." ("La Maison Tellier.") Par Guy de Maupassant. Paris, 1881.

6 "La Fortune des Rougon." Par Emile Zola. Paris, 1871.

7 "La Terre qui Meurt." Par René Bazin. Paris, 1900.

[And other works.]

ery was to conduct novelists into many hitherto unexplored bypaths and by many untrodden thoroughfares.

The phases traversed by nineteenth-century peasant fiction were diverse. Idealism found in Mme. Sand its eloquent exponent, and in her peasant idyls she achieved a compromise between sympathetic sentimentalism and veracity. Romanticism asserted itself in sundry side-studies, as in Barbey d'Aurevilly's portrayal of the village outcast, La Clotte, where the sinister extravaganza of the romantic of romantics is vivified with something approaching æsthetic sincerity. Nor is the romantic element less pronounced in one or more of M. Zola's works in which, abandoning the average man, he deals with exceptional humanity, with Miette in "La Fortune des Rougon," with Angélique in "Le Rêve." Naturalism, with MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, presented itself in lengthy sketches of daily life scenes, whether in war or peace, a naturalism ignoring the grosser elements of existence accentuated by the more venturesome disciples of the school. Balzac, the first of the moderns, demonstrated in "Les Paysans" that the object of peasant fiction was to depict nature, not in the idealizations it inspired, but in and for itself; that the aim of the novelist should be to lay hold on life and transcribe in the clearest manner the clearest perceptions attainable of the actual, however base, and the true, however ignoble. Flaubert, in his "Un Cœur Simple,"¹ showed the possibility of attaining æsthetic perfection by faithful narrative of commonplace peasant sentiment in the prose frame-work of servant life. Maupassant, a humorist who never laughs, has exposed in his *contes* and *nouvelles* the tragic comedies, the melancholy farces, enacted in farms and cottages without

number.² Alphonse Daudet reverts to the novel of sensational convention in "Le Trésor d'Arlatan," and the morbid temptations that obsess the peasant heroine are paralleled with the obsession of the young Parisian by the memories of "Madeleine des Délassements." Pierre Loti has contributed his quota to the gallery of peasant portraits, and a kindred atmosphere of personal sympathy—though otherwise the two authors pursue different paths—pervades the peasant novels of René Bazin, in whose works a visionary imagination is never cut asunder from facts intimately known and accurately inscribed.

To take a mere handful of studies from the mass of French fiction which deals with peasant themes during half a century is obviously only to indicate some special type-formulas, some differing methods of treatment, characteristic of certain authors or of certain phases of the author's art. The sketches so given are sketches of contrasts rather than of likenesses, and as contrasts preclude broad generalizations. Nor are they links in the chain of the scientist, for whom each instance must be shaped to illustrate a stage of literary tendency or psychological development. Moreover, their truth or untruth as "représentation de la vie" is left unchallenged. Their interest lies elsewhere. It lies in the just appreciation of æsthetic effects, whenever such effect is so welded with the peasant-theme that to transpose sentiment or plot to any other social background would have precluded its special æsthetic merit.

As the outcome of idealism, George Sand's scenes³ from the rural life of Berry, if not the earliest in date, are in

¹ *Histoire d'une Fille de Ferme* (in "La Maison Tellier"), *Le Vieux, Le Gueux, Le Fermier* (in "Contes du Jour et de la Nuit"), *Clochette* (in "L'Horla"), *Clair de Lune* (volume of same title), *Le Diable, Le Vagabond, &c., &c.*

² *La Mare au Diable*, 1851; *La Petite Fadette*, 1851; *Les Maîtres Sonneurs*, 1853.

³ *Trois Contes*.

spirit more closely allied to an earlier school than those of other nineteenth-century authors. For that pre-eminent feminine genius—the interest of whose personality grows in inverse ratio as the literary interest of her work declines—the peasant had not assumed the semblance of a problem. Patient observation of his customs, actions and surroundings, were not for her, as for her great contemporary, Balzac, the fountain-head of inspiration. She wrote of rural life, not as an investigator, but as a participant. Her men and women, Berrichon and Berrichonne, were the boys and girls, cattle- and sheep-keepers, with whom she had companioned during childhood and youth at Nohant; comrades and playmates, whose children and grandchildren she had watched growing to manhood and womanhood in later years.⁴ The pages of her fictions are confessedly pages of affectionate memories, reminiscences of country joys, sorrows, and gaieties; they are the tribute her exuberant intellectuality and her over-colored imagination paid to surviving simplicities and old attachments. The experiences of half a lifetime had passed over her head; an intimate acquaintance with the passions of men and with her own effervescent emotionalisms, the disillusion of marriage, the agitations and disenchantments of her shifting enthusiasms, had been paraphrased in novel after novel;⁵ she had at length reached the mile-stone where remembrances displace curiosities, and had withdrawn awhile from speculation to survey the comparatively placid season of childhood. Her treatment of peasant character was essentially dictated by sympathy; her appreciation was more than sympathetic, it was instinctive. Her mother's blood, the blood of "une femme du peuple," ran aggressively in the veins of the

great-granddaughter of Maurice de Saxe; it claimed comradeship of equalities with Aurore Dupin's village playfellows and obtained for her in maturity an inestimable literary advantage: the familiarity of knowledge that kinship of class, and kinship alone, can secure. Writing of the villagers of the neighboring parishes of Saint-Chartier and Nohant, she was content to lay aside the tedious exposition of moral and social theories, founded upon her devious lines of moral conduct, which abound in other sections of her novels. In "La Mare au Diable" and its companion narratives the subject governed her treatment of it; the theme governed the author. The George Sand of "Indiana," "Lélio" and "Consuelo," the George Sand of obtrusive reflections, rhetorical philosophy, and declamatory sentimentality, exercised her gift of adaptability, and transferred her pliable talent into the required key. "Si on me demande ce que j'ai voulu faire, je répondrai que j'ai voulu faire une chose très-touchante et très-simple," she explains in a prefatory note to "La Mare au Diable." According to a further statement, appended to "La Petite Fadette," she had sought a refuge from the stormy cataclysms of 1848 at Nohant, where "troublé et navré jusqu'au fond de l'âme je m'efforçai de retrouver dans la solitude sinon le calme, au moins la foi," in the composition of her *romans champêtres*.

Mme. Sand justified and perfected her æsthetic ideal of rural pathos and homely grace. She retained of her former literary manner extreme ease of invention and fluent spontaneity of diction—gifts that constituted the main charm of her romances⁶ while they undermined any constructive faculty and eclipsed all powers of condensation in sentiment and conciseness in narrative she may have possessed; she

⁴ See "Histoire de ma Vie." G. Sand

⁵ Indiana, Lélio, &c.

⁶ Consuelo, Comtesse de Rudolstadt, L'homme de Neige, &c

discarded the elaborate melodrama of passion, the strained altitudes and abnormalisms of virtue and vice and incident proper to the romantic. So doing her genius struck gold. How far the figures of la petite Fadette, of Marie in "La Mare au Diable," of Brulette in "Les Maîtres Sonneurs," are veracious or unveracious as studies from life models, who may say? In dealing with the manners of rural Berry, she was dealing with a district so distinct in local usage and racial temperament, so estranged in customs from the neighboring provinces of France, that in the epoch preceding the Revolution, Mirabeau is reported to have counselled the King "de réunir le Berry à son empire au lieu de conquérir des provinces étrangères";⁷ and George Sand herself wrote: "le Berry est resté stationnaire . . . qu'après la Bretagne et quelques provinces de l'extrême midi . . . c'est le pays le plus conservé qui se puisse trouver à l'heure qu'il est."⁸ But, true or untrue as portraiture, the characters she sketched, with a touch as delicate as it is assured, live in freshness and grace. They do more: in them she originated—as it is the sole prerogative of genius to originate—a type which literature, in obedience to the axiom "perfection fait école," both accepted and reiterated in manifold imitations and copies.⁹

Her stories are wrought with the least possible expenditure of material. There is scarcely a hint of any world beyond the confines of the low-lying plains of Berry, where M. de la Salle assures us that "il suffit que deux personnes se rencontrent pour que l'envie de danser les gagne"; or if the scene changes it is only to cross the ascending frontier-line to the wilder, well-watered

oak-woods of bas Bourbonnais. Episode and incident are bounded by the everyday conditions of common lives spent in secluded hamlets. George Sand's inevitable preoccupation is the interest of sentiment, and the sentiment of all her *genre* painting is that of homely idealism.

No such quiet to the mind
As true love with kisses kind.
Tho' love be sweet, learn this of me,
No sweet love but honesty.

A mere thread of a plot, a handful of trivial events suffices. The characters, with hardly disguised habiliments, repeat themselves more than once. "Le beau garçon" (Germain in "La Mare"), equable of temper, tenacious in slowly aroused affections, clean-handed and clean-minded, with the trait of irresoluteness which Mme. Sand is apt to ascribe to the masculine temperament, reappears in Landry, of "La Fadette," and in Tienet, of "Les Maîtres Sonneurs." The girl-heroines are stronger and more individual variants of the type initiated in la petite Marie of "La Mare." Fadette, the village scapegrace, passing from childhood to first girlhood with her "allures de garçon," half malicious, half wistful; part savage, part will-o'-the-wisp; crying, laughing, chanting her mocking-song in the dense night, to the terror of wayfarers as the marsh-lights dance by the river.

J'ai pris ma cape et mon capet:
Toute fadette a son fadet,

becomes, as her heart wakens, George Sand's formula of peasant girlhood—true, brave, generous, wise too, and prudent; light of word but sober of mind, and above all honest of deed.

"La Mare au Diable" gives perhaps the clearest illustration of the author's intention in her new art. Germain, arrived at the thirty years limit of (in peasant estimation) marriageable age,

⁷ "Le Berry." Par L. de la Salle. Paris, 1900.

⁸ La Mare au Diable.

⁹ Tourguénief's "Récits d'un chasseur" are said to owe something to G. Sand's example. See E. Hauman's "Tourguénief," Paris, 1906.

has lost the wife he had loved with the exclusive, if tranquil devotion of a simple mind. He lives, still mourning his loss, under the farm-house roof of his father-in-law. But Père Maurice, kindly and sagacious, rules that Germain shall re-marry with a fitting bride, the unknown, but well-endowed, Veuve Guérin. Germain resigns himself to obey with the sadness of an incorrigible, inarticulate regret—when Père Maurice gave him his daughter to wed “nous n'avions pas mis dans nos conditions que je viendrais à l'oublier si j'avais le malheur de la perdre.” Nevertheless, patriarchal authority prevails and Germain is despatched, an unwilling suitor, to the village home of la Veuve Guérin with her comely face and worldly goods. Disconsolate, Germain sets out, mounted on the gray farm-horse, “songeant comme songent les hommes qui n'ont pas assez d'idées pour qu'elles se combattent entre elles, mais souffrant d'une douleur sourde.” He goes, but La Grise carries two, for it chances that his neighbor, la petite Marie, must perforce leave home to earn a few francs in service at a farm not far from the village whither Germain is bound, and Germain, trustworthy and kind, will see the child—for Marie is little more than a child—well on her way. Nor has La Grise borne her double burden far before Petit-Pierre, Germain's five-year-old Benjamin—a tactless associate in courtship—waylays them, and, la petite Marie aiding and abetting, imposes his company upon the two. One by one the incidents of the day are narrated with a lightness of touch that gives due perspective to all. The frugal meal at Mère Rébec's cabaret, necessitated by Petit-Pierre's devouring hunger; the retarded progress of La Grise; the dusk that overtakes the wayfarers on the unfamiliar road; the mist that gathers thickly as they traverse the wood, shrouding the last glimmer of moon-

light in dim, bewildering grayness; the night spent by the strayed trio under the great oaks, are described with an unerring sense of proportion. The three figures are always in clear relief: Germain dejected, incapable, in the face of adverse circumstances; petite Marie, alert, helpful, a trifle sharp of tongue, but ever ready of hand; comrade to the man, playmate to the child; reproving with cheerful malice Germain's lack of cheer, the quickness of her woman's wit giving its bright edge to the soundness of her common-sense.

The expedition, inauspicious so far as courtship of Veuve Guérin is concerned, misses its aim; Germain's proposal of marriage is never made, and the farm-service, including conditions not in the bond, is renounced by la petite Marie. So the three return as they came, Germain to discover that life without petite Marie will be life without the friend in need; petite Marie to hide her love and reject his suit until Père Maurice sanctions his son-in-law's marriage with the girl they have hired, in neighborly kindness, to tend the sheep. In truth the story is of so slight a texture, woven from so meagre a skein, and colored with so few tints, that the smallest flaw in its art would have proved fatal to the whole scheme; but flaw there is none, the charm is intact, and the scantiness of its elements constitutes the triumph of its simplicity.

The transition from George Sand's well-loved Berry to the Burgundian village-drama Balzac imaged in his sombre novel “*Les Paysans*”¹⁰ is a transition to the reverse of the medal. It is not so much a passage from sun to shadow as to a total eclipse of every ray of daylight. Shadows lie over Pierre Loti's Celtic north; the gray clouds that drift across the seas hover over the hearts of the Breton peasantry. The mists that float

¹⁰ Part I.

across the *landes* give, as Barbey d'Aurevilly points out, to the population of la Basse Normandie, despite a preponderance of material interests, "la poésie . . . qui vient de la profondeur des impressions." But such shadows are, compared with Balzac's malignant gloom, a mere film upon the glass. His is a radical transmutation; it is a passage from the spectacle of human nature where tints change, darken to sadness, or are gilded by transverse shafts of pleasure, where men's souls responsively reflect the chequered lights as fortune's wheel turns, to a theatre within whose walls humanity plays its part dyed and blotted past erasure, smeared with splashes of mire and blood and stained with the lees and dregs of stagnant brute passions. The sun may shine, the rain fall, the cold spread its chastities of frost, but the race Balzac summoned upon the stage in his "Comédie Humaine" will not change its spots nor any wind of heaven purify the corruption of its lair.

Balzac regards the peasant as a topic; he utilizes him as a document; his official standpoint is that of the spectator, and all that minute scrutiny can discover, all that a document can communicate, is crowded on to his canvas. With George Sand the negligence of detail, local, geographical, and domestic, evinces a perfect familiarity with the outer framework of the life she drew. She dispensed with carefully accumulated touches, trusting that pictures so complete in her own mind would print themselves, without possibility of error, upon her readers' imagination. She painted her landscapes without recourse to topography, her farm-dwellings without inventories of household goods, her human beings without reference to dictionaries of psychological anatomy. Her aim was simplicity and

—in her peasant fiction—she achieved it. Nothing could be farther from Balzac's intention. "Un génie," as she wrote of him, "orageux et puissant . . . écrit avec ses larmes, avec sa bile, avec ses nerfs, un drame tout plein de tortures."¹¹ The triumph and purpose of his career was "la représentation de la vie" in its integrity, and for his works at large M. Brunetière claims a judgment based on their attainment of this object: "on ne peut donc pour les juger . . . les comparer qu'avec la vie."¹² In the mammoth scheme of "La Comédie Humaine," each novel constitutes but a single page of the vast picture-play Balzac designed, nor is it his fault, but that of the limit of human years and capacity, if in the yet vaster Book of Life—a book without beginning or end—the whole of his immense accomplishment shrinks to a meagre compass, reads as a least fraction of a broken sentence.

Three volumes of the *Comédie* belong to the section treating "Scènes de la Vie de Campagne." "Le Curé de Village" and "Le Médecin de Campagne" portray the peasantry as the philosopher *des mœurs* conceived of village life subjected to the regenerating influences of religion and philanthropy. The curé is himself a model of pastoral virtues, piety, humility, self-abnegation. His docile flock leave no impression individually or collectively upon the mind. The story is a plot of criminal intrigue: the connection of Véronique, the miserly banker's wife, with a peasant *employé*, and a consequent murder. The execution of Véronique's lover leads the secretly guilty woman to lifelong philanthropic penance, under the direction of the curé, in her lover's native village. These are the events upon which the story hinges. Véronique is the central figure; the villagers, their character and customs, are only incidentally sketched. Except in one scene, when in the village church a Mass for the

¹¹ Prefatory note to "La Petite Fadette."

¹² "Honoré de Balzac," par. F. Brunetière. Paris, 1906.

dying is said during the hour appointed for the execution of the condemned man, there is no vivid or concentrated presentment of peasant thought or emotion. The second volume of the series—"Le Médecin de Campagne"—presents the inhabitants of the district contiguous to La Grande-Chartreuse in a succession of individual or family monographs. Each monograph serves as an object-lesson in the effects of possible social and sanitary reform. The results of the doctor's attempts to ameliorate the physical and moral state of his poor are discussed and expounded. Balzac, in his propaganda of Catholicism, royalism and authority, plunges into the abyss where the artist is submerged in the dogmatist when the doctor, the curé, the préfet and the doctor's guest, an ex-Napoleonic officer, debate at Socratic length the questions of suffrage, of political ideals and the advantages of religion as a police-control for the populace.

"Les Paysans"¹³ belongs to a later date and to a totally different method of craftsmanship. The peasant, it is true, is still, as in "Le Médecin," a problem, a topic, a document. It may also be, as one of Balzac's most enthusiastic critics allows, that if "il a eu un vague soupçon de ce qu'est le paysan, il ne le pénétre pas dans son essence cachée; la rusticité lui échappe au sens presque occulte de son fonctionnement."¹⁴ But the problem has personified itself in living, moving actors; the topic is embodied in figures harshly outlined with all the ruthless force that lay in the brain of the great inaugurator of naturalism. Again, if as in "Le Médecin," there are a disjointed series of group-biographies, there is likewise an emphasized convergent point. The trends of opposing passions are sufficiently consistent to give the sense of aggregate unity in

impression, if not the sense of form or unity in structure.

That central point is the figure of the Comte de Moncornet, the overbearing ex-general, a Napoleonic *parvenu*. His attempt to establish his rights as lauded proprietor in his newly acquired estate; the overt hostilities of the peasants, the covert machinations of the *petite bourgeoisie* of the neighborhood, leagued against the new-comer, constitute the groundwork of the plot. The Comte, the wife his social ambition coveted, an occasional guest, the Abbé Brossette, Blondin the young Parisian journalist, a familiar inmate whose presence dissipates in some measure the tedium of his hostess's days; these form a socially isolated group at the château des Aigues. Blondin plays the part of the professional observer; the curé that of the moral commentator—as in his memorable phrase "À voir comment ils s'appuient de leur misère, on devine que ces paysans tremblent de perdre le prétexte de leurs débordements." And while Mme. de Moncornet indulges her impulses of charity in casual almsgiving to the debased and worthless suppliants who beset her with threats and entreaties, a sullen conspiracy of hatred spreads its intricate net around. The General—with riches, with *gardes champêtres*, with the law's armed but impotent aid—is foredoomed to defeat in his struggles with the crouching, obsequious, insolent force which rears its fanged head from every ditch. "Qui terre a guerre a." The peasants, their ancient malpractices: wood-stealing, poaching, stolen pasturage and corn-pillage, restrained by energetic measures of repression, are abetted by the petty officialdom of justice and the rancors of provincial functionaries, who from divers causes seek advantage in the General's overthrow. These, too, are a specific group, agents in the tissue of events, through whose promptings and connivance the situation

¹³ Part I.

¹⁴ H. Favre.

reaches its climax. Their covetous egoisms, unbridled avarice and shameless duplicity, setting aside the grosser immoralities of the secularized monk (le Maire Rigou), go far to outweigh the unredeemed sensualism, the repulsive brutalities and savage greed, exhibited by the peasant population. The whole picture is of unmitigated depravity and unchequered gloom. One ray of kindness shines from the windows of the keeper's lodge, to be quenched when Olympe Michaud's adored and adoring husband is murdered in the performance of his duty. One single peasant, the veteran republican, père Niseron, still dreams of a Utopian rule of liberty; the curé alone, among the inhabitants of the little township as among the *habitués* of the château, presents an example of moral purity and disinterested humanity. But these gleams of human affections and human virtues are obscured and ultimately vanish in the enveloping moral darkness. With a uniformity which does not belong to life, Balzac delineates the lowest levels of vindictive rapacity. He does not allow one among his characters even by accident to give way to those better impulses that beset unstable humanity at its worst: he has totally ignored the fact that vice, no less than virtue, has its lapses, its self-contradictions of right feeling and right doing. Black, for him, can take no other hue, nor reflect one faintest glimmer of daylight.

The château des Aigues is the citadel of defence; the cabaret of the Grand-I-Vert, the rendezvous of the enemies' forces, is minutely portrayed by the novelist, for whom characters exist, not, as with the romantics, mainly in emotional inter-relationships, but pre-eminently in relation to life and the material conditions of things,¹⁵ and whose interminable descriptive passages are toujours explicatives des causes qui

ont façonné dans le cours du temps, les êtres ou les lieux." The customs, the appurtenances of the cabaret, are painted as carefully as its master, Maître Tonsard, and its frequenters. Upon its shabby benches, set by broken tables where drinkers sit at ease, with the background of wooden cowsheds, tool-houses and outbuildings, thieves and libertines hatch their felonies and pursue their pleasures. There Tonsard plies his trade, blustering, gluttonous, jovial, venomous; there la Tonsard plies hers, acquiring, with Tonsard's connivance, what gross luxuries of food and dress she may. There the old grandmother and the daughters of the house add to their means of livelihood by daily depredations: green wood cut from young trees, game, illicit gleanings and other spoils rifled from the General's domains. The Grand-I-Vert is a nucleus of malice, "vrai nid de vipères, s'entretenant vivace et véni-meuse, chaude et agissante, la haine du prolétaire et du paysan contre le maître et le riche." Customers and clients each in turn, as they come and go, betray their own specific baseness. The otter-catcher, Maître Tonsard's drunken father-in-law, père Fourchon, mendicant and rogue, resigns himself, as his ill-gotten gains are snatched from him by his daughter, to be the butt and prey of natures more vigorous, if not more vicious, than his own. And the innkeeper steals the last five-franc-piece he has detected hidden in the sodden drunkard's ragged pocket as Fourchon, seated on the bench within the threshold, garrulously discourses on social wrongs. Meanwhile the cabaret fills. Vermichel, concierge at the hôtel de ville, huissier Brunet, valet Charles from the château, lover to Tonsard's disreputable daughter, are assembled there, when, crashing through the doorway with her enormous fagot of stolen boughs, Tonsard's old mother, "a hideous black parchment of age," makes

¹⁵ F. Brunetière.

precipitate entry, pursued by the keeper who has detected her ravages among the young plantations. The scene, as, at a sign from the old vagabond la Tonsard blinds the keeper with a handful of live ashes, is a complete, if not the most offensive, illustration of the ferocious savagery pervading the book.

Chapter follows chapter, recording every phase of the contest, although the aggregate effect obtained by multiplication of sordid details, the continual sense a succession of almost imperceptible touches imparts of the reserves of vice indicated by open outrages, cannot be conveyed by quotation. Père Fourchon is utilized as a mouthpiece of peasant sentiment. He enunciates his philosophy before the inmates of the château. "Work, and you will win the reward of labor," moralizes the Abbé. But Fourchon knows better—he grasps by experience the speciousness of moral maxims. The problem does not lend itself to such facile solution; the peasant will always live in penury, the rich in wealth. And this without relevance to desert, for if the peasant steals in the gutter, the rich steal by the fireside! Work? he asks. Why? The just—the unjust fare alike. The peasant who toils, toils in rags; the peasant who thieves, thieves in rags.

Me voilà—n'est-ce pas? Moi, le paresseux, le fainéant l'ivrogne, le propre à rien de *pare* Fourchon, qu'a eu de l'éducation, qu'a tombé dans le malheur et ne s'en est pas relevé! . . . Eh bien qu'il y ait différence entre moi et ce brave, c'est honnête père Niseron . . . qui pendant soixante ans a pioché la terre, qui s'est levé tous les matins avant le jour pour aller au labour . . . corps *ed'* fer, et *eune* belle âme—je le vois tout aussi pauvre que moi. . . . Que le *pesan* vive de bien ou de mal faire il s'en va comme il est venu, dans des haillons, et vous dans de beau linge.

Cringing, fawning, obsequious, Four-

chon threads his speech with covert menace.

"Le peuple a la vie dure, il ne meurt pas, il a le temps pour lui" . . . "Vous voulez rester les maîtres, nous serons toujours ennemis, *aujourd'hui* comme il y a trente ans. . . . La malédiction des pauvres, monseigneur, ça pousse, et ça devient *pus* grand que le *pus* grand *ed'* vos chênes, et le chêne fournit la poissance. . . . Personne ici ne vous dit la *carité*; la *c'là*, la *carité*!"

Let the General yield or ill will come of it. "*C't avis-là, et la loute,*" ends the old ruffian, "*ça vaut ben vingt francs, allez!*"

The book takes its place as a masterpiece among all other works of realism in peasant fiction. Applying to it the criterion of truth to life, inevitably judgments will vary. Balzac has carried the argument from facts to character to its extreme limit. From an immense collection of statements he leaves his reader to infer the nature of that root-basis of action which we call character, and the method undoubtedly rests upon a logical and rational foundation. Yet, however logical as method, the procedure when applied to literary inventions usually proves singularly inconclusive. Outward actions, good or ill, do not cover the ground, and appraisement of a man's complex nature resulting solely from knowledge of his deeds and words will always inspire distrust. Moreover, truth to life is a matter of truth to proportion no less than of truth to fact. Tonsards, Rigous, Fourchons, no doubt exist, but they exist as monstrosities of vice, cruelty, and degradation exist in a mass where morality shades with innumerable gradations from white to black. And if the truth of averages is not so much as suggested, the accurate presentment of what lies below, as of what lies above, remains an imperfect register of reality.

"Les Paysans" was the outcome of polemical intention:

Le but de cette étude d'une effrayante vérité, est de mettre en relief les principales figures d'un peuple oublié par tant de plumes. . . . Cet oubli n'est peut-être que de la prudence par un temps où le peuple hérite de tous les courtisans de la royauté. . . . On a fait de la poésie avec les criminels, on a presque défié le prolétaire. On voit bien qu'aucun . . . n'a eu le courage d'aller au fond des campagnes étudier la conspiration permanente de ceux que nous appelons encore les faibles contre ceux qui se croient les forts.

Balzac threw himself into the breach. His theme is this "Robespierre à une tête et à vingt millions de bras," who seeks possession of the soil he tills. And in accomplishing his task, in creating his Tonsards, his Fourchons, he lent his genius to the further estranging of sympathies, added his quota of bricks to the barrier of social antipathies that separate class and class, rich and poor.

Thus Balzac, if his preface may be believed, composed "Les Paysans" with an intent and purpose over and above the aims of art. George Sand equally avowed her moral, though converse, literary mission.

Dans le temps où le mal vient de ce que les hommes se méconnaissent et se détestent, la mission de l'artiste est de célébrer la douceur, la confiance, l'amitié, et de rappeler ainsi aux hommes . . . que les mœurs pures, les sentiments tendres, et l'équité primitive, sont, ou peuvent être, encore de ce monde.

But before the peasant theme escaped from the hands of literary missionaries, whether propagandists of idealism or of hatred, Barbey d'Aurevilly, the strange harlequin of ultra-romanticism, nine years after the publication of "Les Paysans," expended the graphic energy of his uncertain tal-

ent in the composition of his decadent extravaganza "L'Ensorcelée." Here the counter-spirit of revolt, a fanatical feudal devotion, is embodied in the person of the palsied village Herodias of his Chouan *légende*. Idealist d'Aurevilly was not, and frequently his ultra-romanticism evinces incongruous impulses of realistic insight. Nevertheless, dwelling, according to the wont of the school he survived so long,¹⁶ upon the abnormal and the fantastic, carrying to æsthetic excess the juxtaposition of moral contrasts, he occasionally vindicates in his own productions his belief "que l'imagination continuera d'être d'ici longtemps la plus puissante réalité qu'il y ait dans la vie des hommes."

La Clotte is only a secondary personage, yet her figure is memorable as a romantic's typical rendering of peasant character. The opening chapter of the wild melodrama is a preliminary page, as it were torn from the author's diary, in which he recounts the circumstances of his meeting with Maître Tainnebouy, who, as his road companion, retails to him the *légende* of l'Abbé de la Croix-Jugan and Jeanne le Hardouey. The isolation of the *lande* when dusk overtakes the two riders, and entrapped by dense fog, "l'immensité des espaces que nous n'apercevions pas se révélait par la profondeur du silence," comes before us, a gray curtain, painted with the skill of a true artist. The modulations, from the common incidents of the road—the laming of a horse, a lost track—to the paragraph that precludes the raising of that curtain, are the work of a master of scenic effect.

Nous ne pouvions guère, dans une obscurité assez complète, apprécier le chemin que nous faisions. Cependant les heures retentirent à un clocher qui . . . nous parut assez rapproché. . . . L'horloge qui sonna avait un timbre grêle et clair qui marqua minuit. . . .

¹⁶ Barbey d'Aurevilly died at the age of eighty in 1889.

Mais le dernier coup de minuit n'avait pas encore fini d'osciller à nos oreilles, qu'à un point plus distant et plus enfoncé dans l'horizon, nous entendîmes résonner non plus une horloge de clocher, mais une grosse cloche, sombre, lente et pleine. "Entendez-vous, maître Tainnebouy?" dis-je un peu ému de cette sinistre clameur d'airain dans la nuit. "On sonne à cette heure: serait-ce le feu?" "Non," répondit-il. "Le tocsin sonne plus vite, et ceci est lent comme une agonie. Attendez! voilà cinq coups! en voilà six!—sept! huit et neuf! C'est fini; on ne sonnera plus."

Truly, for we have heard the bell of Blanchelande, the ancient Abbey of ill fame, and it rings with ominous clang for "la messe de l'abbé de la Croix-Jugan—une messe des morts."

Barbey d'Aureville, with the thread of genius that runs through his literary and moral charlatanism, could have found no fitter introduction to attune the imagination to a romance trembling always upon the brink of the supernatural; in which Jeanne le Hardouey falls a spellbound victim to a consuming passion for the Chouan Abbé, "ce Balafre en capuchon," with his scorched and mutilated features; and the Abbé himself, re-admitted after long years to the exercise of his sacerdotal office, is shot at the altar—as the mass-bell of Blanchelande rings—by the hand of Jeanne's husband.

Framed in this old life tragedy, La Clotte—as no other among the actors—is a portrait drawn with singular vividness and emotional veracity. Refusing in her youth the lot of a peasant's wife, Clotilde Mauduit, devoured by "le regret, plus affreux qu'un remords, d'avoir perdu sa jeunesse," had become the Herodias of the Château de Haut-Mesnil, where Rémy Sang-d'Aiglon gathered around him the dissolute nobles from whom Chouannerie recruited its heroes and martyrs. The old woman, outcast and alone, broods forever on that past. She has attached

herself body and soul to those who degraded her beauty, has identified her lot with their lot, has been racked with their tortures and suffered ignominy in their defeat. They are dead, the old comrades of her sins, but she, their victim and their devotee, lives on. Her face is of furrowed bronze, her tall figure distorted, her limbs crippled; her wheel stands silent, her knitting drops from the knotted fingers. Tears have long since burnt themselves from her eyes. But hour by hour, year by year, impenitent and fierce, with her gray hair "qui semblait être la couronne de fer de sa sombre vieillesse," she nurses the ashes of lost passions, loves and hates, and the flame, smouldering but unextinguishable, of an exasperated caste-worship for those criminal companions of bygone days "Ah, vous autres seigneurs, qu'est-ce qui peut effacer en vous la marque de votre race? Et qui ne reconnaîtrait pas ce que vous étiez aux seuls os de vos corps quand ils seraient couchés dans la tombe?" cries the withered fanatic to their sole survivor, the Abbé de la Croix-Jugan. Her passionate attachment to Jeanne le Hardouey is part and parcel of the same feudal homage, for the ancient blood of the Fenardents runs in the veins of the farmer's wife, resentful of its abasement. And Jeanne, "l'Ensorcelée," on whose ashamed uprightness the doom of a sudden love-madness has fallen, the dreary serenity of whose heart has kindled to fire at her first meeting with the priest, "une âme de sa race," finds in La Clotte's frenzied memories the echo of her own obsession and the interpretation of her own despair. Jeanne's doom accomplishes itself; she ends a life where sanity had striven in vain for mastery. As the death-bell tolls consternation over Le Hardouey's fields, La Clotte divines that the knell, calling importunately to those who live to plead for the soul which has gone

hence, tolls for Jeanne. The weight of each stroke falls with leaden grief on the one vulnerable spot infirmity and misery have left in La Clotte's heart,

rien . . . n'empêchait d'entendre les sons poignants de lenteur et brisés de silence qui finissent par un tintement suprême et grêle comme le dernier soupir de la vie au bord de l'éternité. . . . Les sons . . . passaient par la porte ouverte et venaient mourir sur ce grabat, où un cœur altier qui avait résisté à tout se brisait enfin dans les larmes. . . . "Je ne suis pas digne de prier pour elle," fit-elle alors . . . "la pleurer, oui . . . mais prier pour elle je ne puis—Dieu rirait de m'entendre si je priais! Il sait trop qui j'ai été et qui je suis pour écouter cette voix souillée qui ne lui a jamais rien demandé pour Clotilde Mauduit, mais qui lui demanderait, si elle osait, sa miséricorde pour Jeanne de Feuudent."

The butchery of La Clotte at Jeanne's open grave is one of those scenes of coarse atrocity without which d'Aurevilly, in common with other romantics, seemed to feel the impression of imaginative power unattainable, as without similar crudities the greatest of French naturalists, more often than not, seems to feel the impression of reality ineffective.

To pass from "L'Enfermée" to Flaubert ("le dernier des romantiques, si Emile Zola n'avait pas existé"¹⁷) in his finished study, "Un Cœur Simple," is to pass from the brilliance of literary imposture to the somewhat austere genius of pure and strict aestheticism whose sole end is the perfection of literary excellence. "Un Cœur Simple" is a new version of the peasant theme. Not a line, not an incident, severs it from the routine of daily occurrences in the life of a farm-girl transplanted into domestic service. It is a narrative of monotonous commonplaces. Félicité's honest love of farmhouse days, her later devotion to the children

she tends, her unrecompensed affections, her mute acquiescence in her lot of many sorrows, is a story of immense ignorances, immense tenderness and boundless faith. And in the combination of Félicité's ignorance, tenderness and faith, in a use of these qualities governed by unerring tact and reticence, Flaubert found a distinctive note for his fiction. It is the very note of homely simplicity combined with ecstatic devotion which found expression in numberless folk-songs and in many a Noël, where the peasant translated Bethlehem of Judea into a Bethlehem of village life; where in the conception of a common motherhood each mother brought her dote of sympathy to the birth-night cradle of an infant God; where each peasant in the gay familiarity of common human joys, pictured himself as the Barthélemy of the old chanson, leaving his sabots outside the sacred stable ("ici je laisse mes sabots") as he hurried in to present the Child with gifts—a thrush, a robin and a finch. Flaubert has seized the traits: crude realism, fanciful ideality, imaginative pictorialism, instinctive mysticism, such as the soul-life of the unchronicled poor registers wherever the pageantries of Catholic belief and Catholic liturgy have passed into peasant idiom; wherever the peasant has made tentative appropriation to his own needs of the ideas and ideals of the great romance-period of Christianity. Flaubert's genius has caught that sub-current of visionary fervor, and varied with its tinted lights the gray monotone of Félicité's living and dying. The dim colors that haunt the peasant's soul are the heritage of the "Cœur Simple." Little indeed she knows of creed or dogma: "quand aux dogmes, elle n'y comprenait rien." She has not steeped her mind, as Emile Zola's Angélique,¹⁸ with her sensualism à rebours of hyster-

¹⁷ Brunetière.

¹⁸ Le Réve.

ical excitement, in dreams and rhapsodies of mystical marriages and the tortured raptures of martyrdom. Félicité's devotion is the healthful radiant vision of childhood.

Elle pleura en écoutant la Passion. Pourquoi l'avaient-ils crucifié, lui qui chérissait les enfants, nourrissait les foules, guérissait les aveugles, et avait voulu, par douceur, naître au milieu des pauvres sur le fumier d'une étable? Les semailles, les moissons, les pressoirs, toutes ces choses familières dont parle l'Evangile, se trouvaient dans sa vie; le passage de Dieu les avait sanctifiées; et elle aimait plus tendrement les agneaux par amour de l'Agneau, les colombes à cause du Saint-Esprit.

In the closing scene of that dumb and gentle spirit all the values of those elements of prose and romance that contribute to sincerity of effect are wrought out of this material. Félicité has seen, one by one, all her heart's treasures sink below the horizon. The children she has loved are dead or removed from her care. The mistress she has served with entire obedience and unbroken fidelity lies in her grave. Even Loulou, the parouquet, whose splendors of blue and green plumage focussed the admiration and affection of the lonely woman, is now only a stuffed relic of former glories.

And Félicité lies dying, "comme Madame," she says, finding consolation in the similarity of sickness, "trouvant naturel de suivre sa maîtresse." But though the solace of religion is hers, she is troubled in spirit. The Fête-Dieu is at hand, the altar, the sacred resting-place it is the privilege of pious hands to decorate, is to be erected beneath her very window. There the long procession of the festival will halt awhile in its slow progress through the streets of the little town. "Félicité se chagrinait de ne rien faire pour le Reposoir. Au moins si elle avait pu y mettre quelque chose?" Then to the

sick woman, whose failing eyes are dim, comes the thought of Loulou, "sa seule richesse." It is not, as the neighbors say, "convenable," but the curé accedes to her desire. Loulou—or Loulou's remains—shall find a place among the adornments of the altar. The Fête-Dieu dawn finds Félicité with life fast ebbing; the priest has ministered to her departing soul the last sacraments; the women who tended her are gone—save La Simonne, ". . . La Simonne, déjennu; un peu plus tard elle prit Loulou, et, approchant de Félicité: 'Allons! dites-lui adieu.' . . . Elle le baisa au front, et le garda contre sa joue." Then, stuffed, worm-eaten, and broken-winged, the bird is carried forth to do honor to the festival.

Des guirlandes vertes pendaient sur l'autel, orné d'un falbala en point d'Angleterre. Il y avait au milieu un petit cadre enfermant des reliques, deux orangers dans les angles, et, tout le long, des flambeaux d'argent et des vases en porcelaine d'où s'élevaient des tournesols, des lis, des pivôines, des touffes d'hortensias. . . . Loulou caché sous les roses ne laissait voir que son front bleu, pareil à une plaque de lapis. . . . Le prêtre gravit lentement les marches, et posa sur la dentelle son grand soleil d'or qui rayonnait. . . . Il se fit un grand silence. Et les encensoirs glissaient sur leurs chaînettes. Une vapeur d'azur monta dans la chambre de Félicité. . . . Ses lèvres souriaient. Les mouvements de son cœur se ralentirent un à un, plus vague chaque fois, plus doux, comme une fontaine s'épuise, comme un écho disparaît: et quand elle exhala son dernier souffle, elle crut voir dans les cieux entr'ouverts, un perroquet gigantesque, planant au-dessus de sa tête.

Flaubert's solitary essay at peasant-portraiture leaves the impression of the work of an artist who sees very clearly, but from very far off. Guy de Maupassant, equally conforming to the standard that acknowledges no design in fiction save æsthetic effect, treads the

ground side by side with the peasants of whom he writes, and in his many *nouvelles* of farm and cottage life evolves a widely different formula of representation. He indulges no speculations as to the possible; has no affirmations to controvert or certify; his world is neither beautiful nor ugly, good nor evil; his concern is with things as they are; his art to divest the form of art—even in the *conte* where form is the essence of merit—of the unveracities accruing to shorthand abbreviations in scenes of life and character. The side of life visible to the author of "Le Diable," "Le Vieux," "Une Fille de Ferme," and many other stories, is the side visible to a tragic humorist, and the coarseness, which throughout literary annals has allied itself with the *conte pour rire*, whether in the license of culture or folk-tale, is rarely absent from his work.¹⁹ Yet, if Maupassant jests, and jests grossly, he never laughs; his farce is a farce where tragedy wears the dress comedy had heretofore donned of circumstance and incident, and the clown in his burlesques is a clown sinister in the equipment of a Danse Macabre.

Peasant themes adapted themselves with peculiar aptitude to his treatment, and he dwelt on them insistently, marking in sure outlines the features of men, women and things. Flaubert attained his effect by reticence, Maupassant, more humanely, though with no surcharging of descriptive passages, attained his by explicit exposition; the one contents himself with a suggestion, the other, with no less certain judgment, lays an emphasis. Flaubert in his "Cœur Simple" was occupied solely with one figure: all Félicité's surroundings derive their importance from her connection with them. Contrariwise, to take an example from among many, in Maupassant's "Une Fille de Ferme,"

¹⁹ "Clair de Lune" is a notable exception of extreme and finished perfection.

Rose seems in great measure to draw her existence from her circumstances; her personality is the outcome, not, as Félicité's, of natural temperament, but of outward compulsion and the qualities Rose develops are fashioned by exterior rather than by innate causes. Accordingly the repulsive plot is a plot of situation, a statement of facts. The action, aggressive as in "Les Paysans," springs primarily from the element of primitive passions preserved, if not engendered, by the usages of country life. The successive phases of Rose's moods as the story proceeds, follow, never precede or occasion, the sequence of events. Her savage attack on her unfaithful lover is caused by his repudiation of his promise of marriage. The knowledge of the approaching birth of her child is the root of her dumb misery. Her passionate devotion to the child born and bred in secret, stimulates her inert and passive nature to energy and force, and is the motive actuating her attempt—the wage-earner's attempt—to raise the market price of her labor. But below the energy and capacity of the handworker the peasant's inertia survives. The farmer, her value as wife exceeding her value as servant, would compel her to marry him. She resists; yet as he tells her the banns of marriage are published,

elle ne répondit pas. Que pouvait-elle dire? Elle ne résista point. Que pouvait-elle faire? . . . Elle se sentait enfoncée dans un trou aux bords inaccessibles, dont elle ne pourrait jamais sortir . . . son mari lui faisait l'effet d'un homme qu'elle avait volé, et qui s'en apercevait un jour on l'autre. Et puis elle pensait à son petit d'où venait tout son malheur, mais d'où venait aussi tout son bonheur sur la terre.

It needs all the exasperated despair her husband's maltreatment can evoke (his disappointed hopes of fatherhood have transformed his rough kindness into

sullen resentment) to drive the woman to revolt. The final scene, when she casts her disgrace in her husband's teeth, is a complete example of Maupassant's attitude as tragic humorist. Standing at bay, Rose turns on the astonished farmer with her only weapon—confession.

"J'en ai un éfant, moi, j'en ai un!"
... L'homme, stupéfait, restait là, aussi éperdu qu'elle-même; il bredouillait: "Qué que tu dis? Qué que tu dis?" Alors elle se mit à sangloter, et à travers ses larmes ruisselantes elle balbutia: "C'est pour ça que je ne voulais pas t'épouser, c'est pour ça. Je ne pouvais point te le dire, tu m'aurais mise sans pain avec mon petit. Tu n'en as pas, toi, d'éfant; tu ne sais pas, tu ne sais pas!"

There is a pause, she crouches lamenting, expectant of blows. He, slow-witted, heavily comprehends the meaning of her self-accusation. Presently he speaks:

"Quel âge qu'il a ton petiot?" Elle murmura: "V'là qu'il va avoir six ans." Il demande encore: "Pourquoi que tu ne me l'as pas dit? . . . Allons, lève-toi." Elle se redressa péniblement, puis il se prit à rire soudain de son gros rire de bons jours; et comme elle demeurerait bouleversée, il ajouta: "Eh bien, on ira le chercher, c't'éfant . . . je voulais en adopter un, le v'là trouvé . . . j'avais demandé au curé un orphelin." Puis riant toujours, il embrassa sur les deux joues sa femme éplorée et stupide: "Allons, la mère, allons voir s'il y a encore de la soupe."

If Maupassant is the narrator who discerned the comedy that runs parallel with every tragedy, and found in peasant-themes conditions favorable to the exercise of an art which passes by in the neutrality of indifference both the poignant anguish and the poignant joys of primitive natures, the typical master of naturalism, M. Zola, reverted in more than one instance to the *parti-*

pris attitude of dramatic romance. As realist the estimate of his genius will be governed by differing criteria. "Après le beau le laid, après la forme le difforme," is the sentence of classical aestheticism. Opposing schools, demanding nothing of art but art's raw material—life, will find in the accuracy of the copy the triumph of patient genius and the justification of pages for which no other justification can be urged. The specific value he himself claimed for his principal work—"Histoire naturelle et sociale d'une famille sous le Second Empire," as an exposition of the doctrine of heredity, is also a question apart. But when, at the starting-point, where the Rougon-Macquart family emerges from its peasant origin, he created the characters of Silvère and Miette,²⁰ both conception and execution verify M. Brunetière's relegation of the author to the ranks of the romantics.

The story falls into two divisions, cemented rather than wrought together, for although an undoubted structural growth of idea and emotion gives intellectual and emotional form to the narrative, other form there is none. One section comprises the family history of the unscrupulous, clumsy, shrewd Pierre Rougon, a peasant by breeding and birth, with the record of the successive crimes perpetrated by him and his wife, in their efforts to rise in the civic and social scale of the *petite bourgeoisie* of Plassans. The narrative draws its incidents from the heroically impotent insurrection of the republican artisans and peasants of Southern France at the epoch of the Coup d'Etat. Pierre Rougon's biography is a chronicle of moral degeneration and narrow-sighted egoism culminating in blood-guilty fraud. It pre-

²⁰ *La Fortune des Rougon*. 1871. (The later volume of the series where peasant life is treated in fullest detail, "*La Terre*," M. Zola has put outside the pale of analysis and discussion.)

sents desire and ambition in their most squalid materialism; gain, the power and opportunity of vulgar display, the coveted prosperity duplicity wins, are the only recognized aims of Pierre and of his wife and sons. It is a study of corrupt instincts unredeemed even by the excuse of passion, and unrelieved—as in “*Les Paysans*”—by any glimpse of those counter-impulses springing from the sentiment of human kinship and fraternity, which in the region of art make criminality credible.

M. Zola is, however, acutely aware that life under its many masks has two faces, and he has coupled the story of Pierre Rougon in his first remove from the peasant class with the branch story of Silvère and Miette, on whose half-grown girlhood M. Zola has concentrated his talent of passion-painting in his most emotionally decorative mood.

Silvère is the typical “*révolté*” of the town, as opposed to the converse type, the “*résigné*” of the country. In the young artisan the heritage of his racial-mental derangement and absence of intellectual equilibrium—manifests itself in an exaggerated heroic idealism. His brief career, for he is little more than a lad, is bounded by a child's dream, where his love for the Republic—a Republic of illusion and hope—becomes fused, in the altar-fire of youth, with his love for the forçat's child Miette, the peasant girl against whom every hand is raised and whose hand is against every man. Great in faith, single in heart, the gentle, ignorant enthusiast dwells within the walls of a Utopia where the religion of humanity should heal all scars, solace all griefs, amend all wrongs, and where “*la femme, toujours sous les traits de Miette*,” should be adored by nations on their knees. Silvère is of kin with the neophytes of romance-chivalries, a *croisé* of a new Jerusalem whose Holy Sepulchre is the shrine of freedom.

Miette is of earthlier clay. But if of earth, the passion of her love is health not sickness of the soul. Her confident daring, her buoyant gaiety and her boyish sins—roadside fruit-stealings vexatious to her Don Quixote's scrupulous spirit—her rash hardihood and fearless courage, are all qualities of instinct and nature. Adolescents whose hearts are mere apprentices to the base usages of ignoble physical passions Zola has drawn elsewhere. In this tragic idyll of youth, love and death he has attempted the counter-presentment of a passion whose inherent nobility is drawn from unalloyed innocence. And as in the healthless *légende* of “*La Rêve*,” as in the artificial arcadianism of “*La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*,” he has of set purpose vindicated his right of way to the fount of romanticism.

From the first love-scene in the disused cemetery, the atmosphere is charged with suggestions which might have preluded a Hawthorne fantasy. The vague apprehension of the perpetuated presence of the evicted dead haunts the consciousness of those who invade their ancient domicile. And this dim imagining, like the sound of the death-bell of Blanchelande in “*L'Ensorcelée*,” is interwoven from first to last with the actual incidents of the story. By the moss-grown grave-stone, with its defaced epitaph, “*Cy—gist—Marie—morte*,” where the boy and girl, in secure brother- and sister-hood of love, keep nightly tryst, Miette is touched by compassion for that other Marie, long since wrapped in death's inanimate repose. She has pity to spare even for the insentient stone: “*elle s'apitoyait jusque sur la pierre où ils s'étaient tant de fois assis, pierre glacée par la mort qu'ils avaient réchauffée de leur amour*.” Among the moist verdure and overgrown alleys,

il y avait des jours où la clameur des morts devenait si haute que Miette re-

gardait Silvère de ses yeux noyés, comme pour lui dire, "Que demandent-ils donc?" . . . Vaguement ils se disaient que leur amour avait poussé . . . dans ce terreau, dans ce coin de terre fertilisé par la mort. Il y avait grandi ainsi que ces herbes folles; il y avait fleuri comme ces coquelicots que la moindre brise faisait battre leurs tiges, pareils à des cœurs ouverts et saignants. . . . Les morts, les vieux morts, voulaient les noces de Miette et Silvère . . .

In the open sunlit spaces vagabonds camp, children romp, the saw-cutter plies his trade, old men bask in the warmth, and tell of the dis-sepulchred bones carried hence in years long passed. But the ocular precision, the accurate rendering of sense-perceptions is always accompanied by the perturbing sentiment of all that sense-perception leaves unnoted—the sentiment of the unseen: "On y sent courir ces souffles chauds et vagues des voluptés de la mort qui sortent des vieilles tombes chauffées par les grands soleils."

Intersected with scenes of cruelty and butchery of which the sensational appeal is to the crude instinct of physical recoil, and which belong to levels of art where the imaginative, intellectual, and paramountly the æsthetic sense have no place, the idyl of pure romance takes shape and color. Miette, wrapped from head to foot in the blood-crimson of her cloak, carries the insurgents' red banner, moving at the head of the revolutionary band, with "son sourire d'enfant . . . 'Il me semble que je suis à la procession de la Fête-Dieu, et que je porte la bannière de la Vierge.'" And she marches through the night-hours, and sleeps red-mantled in the chill whiteness of the frosty starlight, with the first love-kisses of her lover upon her ignorant lips. A shadow, the cloud of a dim foreboding, hangs over them; youth is for them, love is with them, but death stands

somewhere near at hand: "Une voix leur disait qu'ils s'en iraient—avec leurs tendresses vierges"—and the womanhood that wakens where childhood dies cries in unavailing protest, "Je ne veux pas mourir sans que tu m'aimes." In vain; for Miette, for Silvère, there waits no wedding day, no accomplishment will be theirs of that profound union their hearts in visions crave. The disciplined troops shoot down the peasants' disordered battalion; Miette falls, the flag still in her hands, and as Silvère bends over the strong young figure, half shrouded in the heavy folds of red, death comes apace. The girl's lips are dumb, and only "dans ses grands yeux navrés il voyait un immense regret de la vie."

Miette and the Republic are slain. Silvère is carried back a prisoner to Plassans. He had passed through life a dreamer; a dreamer still in the desecrated cemetery he meets death—gentle, stunned by the desolation of infinite despair, insensible to outrage, mute, unresentful—a dreamer in a dream. "La lente approche de la mort, dans ce sentier où depuis si longtemps il promenait son cœur était d'une douceur ineffable. . . . Miette avait raison—cette pierre était pour elle—Cy—gist—Marie—morte—" Now the dead, those friendly sponsors of their loves, are calling him, him too: "les vieux morts l'appelaient . . . ils étaient joyeux, ils lui disaient de venir, ils lui promettaient de lui rendre Miette dans la terre." For his coming, for their espousals, those *vieux morts* have waited two long summers through. The executioner delays, prolonging by protracted expectation the torture of dying. Silvère's eyes are shut. The dead call louder and louder—"furieusement"—by the old tombstone. Kneeling, he waits: "Dans le noir, il ne voyait plus que Miette, sous les arbres, couverte du drapau, les yeux en l'air. . . . Puis le

borgne tira, et ce fut tout." Cy—gist—Miette—there, too, Silvère rests—and the dead, one may believe, henceforth are silent.

So idealism, romanticism, naturalism, great artists and artists of less account, pessimist, optimist, humanitarian and indifferentist, each in turn utilized the themes supplied by conditions of peasant thought, sentiment and circumstance. Another phase of fiction, less easily classified, presents itself in the narratives of M. René Bazin. Their originality lies in the fact that where other writers have been chiefly occupied with individual action and the relationship of man with man, he, in some fashion of his own, would seem to have aimed, beyond the range of individual studies, at a representation of man's connection with earth itself. M. Loti in his Breton stories has indicated a like idea; Bazin more definitely, in dealing with the actual tillers of the soil, pictures the moral, intellectual, and emotional existence of human beings in relationship with the Terre-Mère. His subject is the plougher, and also the ground he furrows; it is the cultivator, and also the fields he sows; it is the laborer as the tenor of his daily life is regulated by nature's elemental forces, winds, rains, sun, frost. M. Bazin observes the incidents of seasons, the episodes of growth, maturity and decay as they implant in the agriculturist's mind, despite race-variants, the characteristics of men hourly confronted by the irresistible action of unknown agencies.

Balzac saw in the home-passion of the peasantry "l'instinct qu'a l'animal pour son nid ou pour son terrier." M. Bazin grasps the emotional and moral aspect of the animal instinct and with an artist's sympathetic realization of its æsthetic value, employs it as the dominant note in his narrative of the Vendean *marais*—"La Terre qui

Meurt."²¹ Old Lumineau, the peasant cultivator of La Fromontière whose decadent prosperity is the subject-matter of the narrative, betrays this sentiment of personal attachment to the land in sentence after sentence. "Ca me chagrine d'entendre mal parler de la terre de chez nous . . . n'en dis pas de mal . . . elle nous a toujours nourris." "Ca aimait la terre," is the old métayer's supreme word of praise; to forsake it is an act of treason—"traître au Marais. Even the "beau soldat" André, whom the struggle with the impoverished conditions of field and farm is to drive, as it has driven his worthless brother, to desert La Fromontière, bears to meadow and field the affection of friend to friend. Revisiting the home he will eventually abandon in despair, the sentiment survives despite the education of barrack and town, which has opened the eyes of the younger generation to possibilities undreamt of by the older. "Sa jeunesse, éparse dans les choses, s'éveillait et parlait. Il n'y avait pas une motte de terre qui ne lui criât bonjour, pas un ajonc de fossé, pas un orme ébranché qui n'eût un regard d'ami." And in the scene where father and son fell the ancient vine whose fruit-bearing is long past, the emotion is epitomized. The vine for the young man, as for the old, is invested with all the pathetic sadness of human decrepitude; its uprooting is in truth an "œuvre de mort." Over André as over Toussaint Lumineau the grief of personal regret casts a shadow of despondency. In the dying tree, all un-
 aware, as André pauses in his toil, he deciphers the symbol of a foregone destiny. "Elle mourait. Chaque fois que sur le pivot d'une racine il donnait le coup de grâce, qui tranchait la vie définitivement, il éprouvait une

²¹ "Donatienne" is another instance, though a less obvious example, of M. Bazin's use of the home sentiment of the peasant.

peine. . . Mortes les veines cachées par où montait la joie de vin nouveau. . . . Mortes les branches-mères que le poids des grappes inclinait"; dead the pale star-flowers with their honey-drops and scent of reseda; among its leaves no murmur of summer insects will ever again gladden the ear; over is the grape-gathering and the vintage! The vine-tree has lost its joys, its joys of living; and they who planted it and tended it and drank of its substance, are departed too, and those living who remain have lost in its dying something of the many dead, who, in this their bequest, in a manner survived. Something also of themselves, too, will vanish in its vanishing, as in the loss of a human fellow somewhat of ourselves is laid to rest. "Quelque chose de familial, une richesse héréditaire et sacrée, périssait avec la vigne, servante ancienne et fidèle des Lumineau."

M. Bazin's descriptive landscape is penetrated by the same feeling of nature's personality. The wooded levels of La Vendée, the stretches of the *marais* with its widely scattered farmsteads and solitary windmills, its rain-seasons of flooded field and pasture, its winter of ice-sheeted inundations, its narrow waterways leading from one isolated habitation to another; the low meadows where the mist of the sea and the vaporious exhalations of the earth meet and mingle, where from long distances one steeple looks across to another, and the lights, clear in frost or hazy in fog, shine at nightfall from window or open doorway of lonely farmhouses where boys and girls, young men and women, dance at the *Veillées*. All these things Bazin surveys through the eyes of simple people who, with the clandestine and unconscious pantheism which folk-literature reveals, see in nature not inanimate matter ruled by impersonal laws, but sentient vitalities, forms of existence in some

sort linked and fused with their own individual being.

From a further sense of the reciprocity of attachment Bazin evolved his dual tragedy with its double aspect of deprivation—"La Terre qui Meurt." On the one hand it presents the tragedy of Earth, forsaken by her children; on the other the tragedy of the old *métayer*, who has served her, not as servants serve for hire, but as sons serve for love. The scene is of her mortuary chamber where Lumineau watches her dying, a helpless spectator of the Earth's mute agony. As her priest, with his gentle-eyed oxen, he has furrowed her fields with joy, and the upspringing of her crops has been the sacrifice he has offered upon her altars. Her benediction, the benediction of good years of harvest, has been the reward of his labor and the crown of his days. He claims affection for her, as an apostle for his god. He weeps, for she mourns as Rachel lamenting the children who, living, have turned their faces from her. Earth for Toussaint Lumineau is the Jerusalem of the Hebrew poet, and with him his heart cries—"if I forget thee, may my right hand forget its cunning."

M. Bazin is never an observer only, nor does he, as many an observer with his schedules of evidence, go empty away. It will always seem doubtful whether the artist, howsoever great, who assumes the rôle of the official literary spectator, can communicate to his readers the least fraction of emotions he has not, imaginatively or sympathetically, experienced. There is a dimness of vision induced by the lack of personal sympathy and personal emotion, that hampers even the power of observation; there are things, and not a few, that refuse themselves to sight unless they be viewed through the haze of tears. M. Bazin is never neutral; he is never indifferent. He may not take his place in the first rank of novelists,

but, whether it be the talent of human sympathy or that of acute imaginative perception, his books imply the sensitive intuitions of an artist who feels no less than he sees and whose emotions reverberate the emotions of anonymous existences passed in unfrequented and unmemorable places. His thoughts have taken up their abode under smoke-blackened roofs and beside the hearths of cottage, cabin, and farm; his mind has moved in unison with the minds of those who dwell in closest contact with the silent earth and the inarticulate beasts of fold and pasture. And in such companionship, with such affinities, the literary form and the sentiment of the subject have reached a singular harmony of matter and manner. Something of peasant dig-

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nity, the restrained dignity of the great peasant-painters, Millet, Segantini, Bastien-Lepage, has infected his mood. The reticence of men slow to utter the sober depth of their griefs, slow to make demonstration of the strength of familiar affections, slow to make manifest the tenacity of joys, memories, fears and hopes intertwined with the fibres of life itself, has communicated itself to his pen. He has painted "*ces paysans des côtes, travailleurs taciturnes, qui regardent la mer par-dessus les dunes, et que tourmente un peu de songe quand le vent souffle*"; he has interpreted that taciturnity, and he has likewise—as an artist gifted with imaginative faculty—in painting the sleeper painted also the dream.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LESLIE STEPHEN.*

A double interest attaches to this fascinating volume. It is a rare, original, and attractive character that is here described; and the book which describes it was the last work of the learned and highly-gifted author, whose untimely death the world of legal and historical science now deplores. Subject and writer were worthy of one another. It would have been impossible to find any one more capable than F. W. Maitland of appreciating the strange and subtle blend—the mixture of gruffness and tenderness, of reserve and sympathy, of solitariness and capacity for friendship, of the love of letters and the love of nature, of irony and reverence, and many other apparent opposites—that made the charm of Leslie Stephen's character.

It seemed strange to some that a scholar, whose great mental powers and untiring industry had hitherto

been concentrated on the study of mediæval English law and institutions, should undertake the life of a literary man of our own age, a man, too, whose interests were essentially modern, and who was by temperament disposed to regard minute antiquarian research with something akin to contempt. But no one who knew the two men could have failed to perceive the sympathy that existed between them, the natural attunement of their characters; and any one familiar with Maitland's writings would at once see that here were the makings of a first-rate biographer. For his studies of thirteenth or fourteenth century law are no mere dryas dust researches after rule and precedent, no mere abstract deductions from the records of the Courts; they are instinct with human sympathy, with that quality of restrained and reasonable but vivifying imagination which distinguishes the true historian. In restoring the forms and the proced-

* By Frederic William Maitland. London: Duckworth & Co. 1906.

ure of our early legal system, he got behind them to the ideas on which that system was based, and so to the minds and characters of the men who framed and worked it. And not only were these men familiar to him in general; he seemed to know them individually, these Edwardian lawyers and judges, to have talked confidentially with Bracton, to have listened to Hengham's judgments, nay, to have even sat at the feet of the English Justinian himself, so deeply had he entered into the spirit of the men of the Middle Age.

It was not really wonderful, then, that he should have turned his pen from the elucidation of medieval law-books to perpetuate the memory of a beloved personal friend. The result is a biography of remarkable brilliance, truthfulness, and insight—a biography, too, which like all good biographies, while never putting the author in front of his subject, even as guide or showman, betrays throughout the flavor of an individual mind, and inevitably, but in a delicate shadowy manner, delineates the writer's character and temperament behind that of his hero. Such is indeed the nature of all great biographies. A good biographer must keep himself out of sight so far as he can; but extinguish himself he neither can nor should. Do we not know Tacitus almost as fully as Agricola, Joinville like Saint Louis, Boswell at least as well as Johnson?

So here, not obvious, but to be found by those who read the book with this secondary object in their minds, is enshrined much at least of the character of F. W. Maitland as well as that of Leslie Stephen. The scholar who was the greatest writer on English law since Blackstone, who has created anew the study of his subject, whose name as a historian of the creative type will go down to posterity along with those of Savigny and Stubbs and Mommsen, has, in raising a monument

to his friend, unwittingly built up his own, and shown himself to be not merely a great scholar but a writer of first-rate literary power, and a lovable, humorous, sympathetic man. Thus much it may be permitted on this occasion to remark, for the author, alas! is dead, and we may praise him freely. We may say that, had he never written this biography, the world would never have known how much it lost by that fatal voyage to the Canaries; we may be thankful that, with unerring insight, Leslie Stephen chose him to write—if any one was to write it—his biography, and that Maitland's life was spared long enough to complete the task. But he would have been the first to remind me that not the author but his book, and the subject of his book, are now in question; and to these, after a digression which Leslie Stephen at all events would have excused, I must now return.

The story of Stephen's life is not more eventful than the lives of most literary men, in whose careers the production of notable works or the development of opinions takes the place of action and adventure. Born in the year of the great Reform Act, of stout legal and evangelical stock, the son of the ecclesiastical historian, the brother of the judge, he was a delicate, sensitive, quick-tempered child, whose health at one time gave cause for anxiety, and was far from foreshadowing the vigor of his youth and manhood. Mentally and morally, however, he very early showed signs of what was to be his later disposition. It is related that he refused to say his prayers if another person was in the room. His mother tells us that his first experience of a sermon bored him sadly. "Towards the end of it," she says, "Leslie, quite forgetting himself, said in a loud voice, 'Three.' He was counting my rings. . . . Soon afterwards a loud yawn was heard from him. With these excep-

tions he was very good." Poetry made a very different impression. Scott was his favorite. When out for a drive he would repeat *The Lady of the Lake* so loudly that the passersby would "turn round in astonishment." When reciting *Marmion*, he seemed "to have neither eyes nor ears for what was passing round him, but to be completely absorbed by what he was saying." A love of poetry and a dislike of sermons were characteristic of him all his life. He preserved to the end his faculty for learning by heart. "His memory for poetry was wonderful," says his daughter; "he could absorb a poem that he liked almost unconsciously from a single reading." And in his old age he would shout Mr. Newbolt's *Admirals All* as he strolled in Kensington Gardens, to the surprise of the attendants, perhaps the sons of those he had astonished with *Marmion* sixty years before. Nor was poetry alone a pleasure. As a boy he read Boswell's *Johnson*—"the most purely delightful of all books"—and the first book he ever bought with his own money was *Vanity Fair*. Truly, in these matters the child was father to the man.

Four years of his boyhood he spent at Eton, but that famous school set no mark upon him, partly, it may be surmised, because he lived with his parents "up town"—in other words, in Windsor—and thus could never be fully absorbed in the life of the place. He was not happy at school; his health was poor; and he left when he was only fourteen—at a moment, that is, when, for most boys, the best part of their school-time has hardly begun. Eton, then, cannot be said to have "produced" Stephen—a word which in his connection (he used to say) should be translated into "failed to extinguish" and it was to the loss of both that they were not better acquainted.

After a year or two at King's College, London, he went up to Cambridge and

entered at Trinity Hall. For the next fourteen years of his life this was to be his home. His early physical weakness had almost disappeared; at Cambridge his health steadily improved; he was lean, as always, but active and vigorous in mind and body. In the wholesome atmosphere of the place, its studies, its sports, its companionships, he began for the first time really to live. His career as an undergraduate was not specially distinguished, but, "without being brilliant, it was," says Mr. Maitland, "just that which a wise father might wish for his son." He read steadily, rowed hard, took his share in the debates at the Union, and won a scholarship and eventually a first-class in the Mathematical Tripos. For ten years he rowed in his college boat; he was so keen about it that he seemed, to one who might have known better, a mere "rowing rough." He himself never regarded it as waste of time. "The greatest pleasure in life," he wrote later, "is to have a fanatical enthusiasm about something. . . . This is the real glory of rowing; it is a temporary fanaticism of the most intense kind; while it lasts it is less a mere game than a religion." And he goes on to say that it is "so closely bound up with memories of close and delightful intimacies, that it almost makes me sentimental." He could not say more; against sentimentalism he was always on his guard.

Having taken his degree, what was he to do? Fate decided for him. He felt no call for any particular profession; why not stay where he was? His position as a Wrangler led on to a Fellowship; a tutorship fell vacant; in a natural way—a way more natural then than it would be now—he accepted the post, took orders, and settled down as a college don. For eight years more he remained at Cambridge, living mostly with and for his pupils, sometimes rowing in the boat, some-

times "coaching" it—we remember the prayer of Sir G. Trevelyan "for the wind of a tutor of Trinity Hall"—occasionally preaching in the college chapel, looking after his young men's morals, teaching them mathematics, and taking them out for long Sunday walks, after one of which—it is not surprising to learn—a young companion had to go to bed instead of to dinner. For his walking, as the "Tramps" (his walking-club of later years) knew well, was prodigious. His biographer mentions some wonderful feats, such as his nearly beating a famous runner, Mr. P. M. Thornton, in a match in which the latter was to run three miles while Stephen walked two. Once he walked his fifty miles, from Cambridge to London, in twelve hours, to dine with the Alpine Club; on another occasion he walked six miles and three-quarters within the hour. He despised the constitutional "grind" but a long walk was a joy to him, a tonic and a refreshment, sometimes a moral resource or medicine, as when, like his shadow, Mr. Whitford, in *The Egoist*, he wanted to "walk off his temper." One of his best essays is that *In Praise of Walking*. He often walked alone, but he did not, like R. L. Stevenson, prefer lonely walks. In fact, this rather grim, shy, reserved man loved companionship of the right sort, and could be the most delightful of companions. Nor must we look on Stephen as, in these youthful days, an athlete for athletics' sake, or as sacrificing the mind to the body. On the contrary, bodily exercise and the *corpus sanum* that results were for him the best preservative of the *sana mens*; and mental sanity was his reward.

While engaged in the varied activities of a tutor's life (and to be a tutor at Cambridge is no sinecure), he read widely—philosophy, political economy, and other stubborn subjects. He began to write, too, not very seriously as

yet, but such short pieces as his papers about the Alps and those whimsical, ironical, and illuminative *Sketches from Cambridge by a Don*. He was reflecting, too, and reflecting to some purpose. His reflections changed not only his views but his whole way of life. In 1862 he came to the conclusion that he could no longer subscribe to those religious doctrines to which he had assented when he took orders six or seven years before. By what exact process he arrived at this conclusion we are not told. It seems to have come gradually, without any painful searchings of heart; but it was decisive and final. As he himself put it, "it was not so much a process of giving up beliefs as of discovering that he had never really believed." He had taken many things on trust; the gradual opening of his mind showed him that he could do so no longer. Having arrived at this point, he could not conscientiously retain his tutorship, and he therefore resigned. But he did not give up his orders, apparently because he was under the impression that this was out of his power; nor did he lose his Fellowship. This he only resigned on his marriage in 1867; his orders he did not give up till 1875.

He did not even leave Cambridge at once. Two years longer he stayed on, unable to tear himself away, and doing what work he could. It was in this interval, during the American Civil War, that he first visited the United States. The occasion was notable. He was intensely interested in the struggle; he sympathized with the North, at a time when most of the influential classes in this country were Southerners; and, though Gladstone thought—and said—that Jefferson Davis "had made a nation," he became convinced that the North would win. He did not come back enamored of the country or the people as a whole, but, what was of more importance, he made some

close and firm friends. To Lowell, Holmes, and C. E. Norton he became deeply attached; and among all the charming letters, warm with affection, rippling with humor, that are published in this book, none are more charming than those addressed to his American friends. His opinions as to the war he defended in a vigorous onslaught on the *Times*—almost his only exercise in this genre:

If I had proved [he says] that the *Times* had made a gigantic blunder from end to end as to the causes, progress, and consequences of the war, I should have done little. . . . But I contend that I have proved simultaneously that it was guilty of "foolish vituperation"; and as I am weak enough to think anything a serious evil which tends to alienate the freest nation of the old world from the great nation in the new, I contend also that I have proved the *Times* to have been guilty of a public crime.

Soon after his return to England he left Cambridge for good, and launched out on what was to be the business of his life, literature and journalism, in the great world of London. He left Cambridge without regret, for his last two years had given him a distaste for the life, and he was glad to have been forced away to enter on a freer and larger course. But he never repented him of the years he had spent at "the Hall," and he returned again and again with pleasure to his old haunts. In after years it was especially the old associations that rendered Cambridge dear. "I love the sleepy river," he wrote much later; and we can guess why. Thirty years after he had left, speaking at the unveiling of Fawcett's statue at Lambeth, he said:

I always associate Fawcett with a garden. . . . He loved it . . . not least because a garden is the best of all places for those long talks with friends which were among the greatest pleas-

ures of his life. The garden where I have oftenest met Fawcett, and where I have talked with him for long hours, never clouded by an unkind word, is the garden of an old Cambridge college, with a smooth bowling-green and a terrace walk by the side of the river, and a noble range of chestnut trees, and the grand pinnacles of King's College Chapel looking down through the foliage. Fawcett loved that garden well.

And does not this beautiful passage show how Stephen also loved it, and why? Well may his biographer say, "the siren Cambridge had sung her song, and won such a lover as she has rarely had."

Once in London, Stephen soon found as much work as he wanted. Debarred, as he imagined, from adopting the law, he was "driven," as he put it, "to the occupation of penny-a-lining." His pen was busy in many quarters—in the *Saturday Review*, then at the height of its fame, in the newly established *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the *Cornhill*, *Fraser*, the *Fortnightly* (then edited by his friend Mr. Morley), and elsewhere. His work on the *Cornhill* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* brought him into connection with Mr. G. Murray Smith, a connection which ripened into affection, was cemented by common undertakings—notably, the *Dictionary of National Biography*—and lasted for the rest of Stephen's life. This is not the place to estimate or criticise the quality of Stephen's literary work—such a task would require an article by itself—but it may be pointed out that a large portion of his best writing took at first a journalistic form. This was the case with his *Sketches from Cambridge*, his *Hours of Exercise*, *An Agnostic's Apology*, *Hours in a Library*, *Studies of a Biographer*, and other works composed of scattered papers. These books show a unity of cohesion which indicate a definite conception and purpose

in the author's mind. Of course there was an enormous mass of work, principally belonging to his earlier years, of the ordinary journalistic type—what he called his "subterranean" work—which was not republished, and which Mr. Maitland has not sought, except in rare cases, to identify. As he well says, "sufficient unto the day is the daily thereof and to the week the weekly thereof." There is a *cacoethes servandi*, as well as *scribendi*, but neither Stephen nor his biographer was likely to give way to it.

But besides these articles and essays, whether converted into books or not, what an amount of solid reading and thinking was put into the *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* and *The English Utilitarians*—subjects in which family traditions and his own studies had steeped him from youth up! What fraternal devotion and discriminating sympathy are to be found in the lives of his brother Fitzjames and of Henry Fawcett! What model biographies, distinguished alike by judgment and learning, lucidity and force, are the volumes he contributed to the "Men of Letters," series—the lives of Johnson, Pope, Swift, and others! His philosophy, as displayed in these books, in the *Science of Ethics*, &c., has the severe sanity of the eighteenth century in which he delighted. He made no pretence of being a metaphysician. Metaphysics he regarded as unlikely to lead to discoveries, but as "a legitimate, normal, and interesting branch of imaginative literature. The poet and philosopher have this in common: they prove nothing, but by utterly dissimilar means they suggest a view of life." If it was true that he thought of philosophy as akin to poetry, he was equally apt to criticise poetry from the point of view of philosophy. His literary judgments do not show much sense of form or much taste for the finer shades and supreme dexteri-

ties of expression, whether in poetry or prose; he took no great delight in the *mot propre* or the perfect line. For him it was rather the contents that mattered; and of these he was a shrewd, penetrating and sympathetic judge. Common sense rather than subtlety marked his critical work; George Meredith applied to him the epithet "equable"; and his biographer approves.

These sober, sane, and equable judgments and descriptions of men and things he continued to produce for nearly forty years, in the midst of much laborious editorial work, in connection first with the *Cornhill*, afterwards with the great undertaking of his life, the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Few, if any magazines, have attracted so brilliant a circle of writers as the *Cornhill* during Stephen's management. Matthew Arnold published in it his *Literature and Dogma*; Robert Browning sent poems; George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Miss Thackeray, and other first-rate writers contributed novels; Henley and R. L. Stevenson (whom Stephen had brought together in Edinburgh) wrote essays. Of the editor's own contributions—which were many—a remark of George Meredith must be quoted, for its delicious invention and observant aptitude. Speaking of Stephen's style, he says: "The only sting in it was an inoffensive humorous irony that now and then stole out for a roll-over like a furry cub, or the occasional ripple on a lake in gray weather."

But his great achievement was the *Dictionary of National Biography*. For nine years he toiled, almost without ceasing, at this heavy task, until his health broke down under the strain. To Mr. Sidney Lee is due the credit of completing what had been so well begun, but Mr. Lee would be the first to assign the chief praise to the pioneer who determined the lines and princi-

ples of the work, who selected and trained his regiment of contributors, and set a high example of patience, judgment, thoroughness, and all the other editorial virtues for his successor to follow. Of the value of the Dictionary there are no two opinions; it is doubtful if it has its equal, it certainly has no superior, in any tongue. Not content with editing, he contributed to almost every volume; and his contributions contain some of his best though naturally not his most attractive work. Dry as these lives mostly are, they are frequently enlivened by touches of Stephen's humor, as in his description of Robert Owen as "one of the intolerable bores who are the salt of the earth." Of his "dictionary style" his biographer picturesquely and truly says: "It is Stephen's very self on one of his 'going days': making a bee-line across country, with no ounce of flesh to spare, and with that terrible step that looked so short and was so long."

The Dictionary shortened his life. For a year or two, about 1885, he paid no visit to his beloved Alps; and a man of his nervous temperament and fierce application could ill dispense with holidays. The consequences were disastrous. Repeated collapses compelled him in 1891 to give up the editorship, and he was never the same man again. To give up his Alpine holiday was a loss which nothing else could make good. For seven-and-thirty years Switzerland was to him a source of health and pure delight. He was no great traveller; two or three visits to the United States almost exhaust the tale of his wanderings far afield; but to the Alps he went back year after year, at first always in the summer, for climbing purposes, latterly in the winter, for health alone. One of the original members of the Alpine Club, he was for years one of its most venturesome and accomplished climbers. It was said of him that "he strode from

peak to peak like a pair of compasses"; and Mr. Whymper called him "the fleetest of foot of all the Alpine brotherhood." His many first ascents—his passage of the Eiger Joch, his conquest of the Schreckhorn, and other feats—are they not told in the pages of the *Journal*, or described with inimitable humor, often at his own expense, in *The Playground of Europe*?

It was quite in his own ironical vein to dwell on the athletic and sporting aspects of mountain travel; we know how he hated "gush." But Switzerland was to him far more than a health-resort, or a gymnasium; the good that he got from the mountains was at least as much moral and spiritual as physical. They were endeared to him by sacred associations with friends and comrades, and still more by what he had felt in their austere and majestic presence. The long days spent upon the heights, in the ethereal air, the solitude, the purity and mystery of the higher Alps, swept the cobwebs from his brain, the melancholy from his heart, the dross from his soul. No wonder that—to alter Wordsworth's line—"the precipice Haunted him like a passion," or that, as Mr. Freshfield says, "the Alps were for Stephen a playground, but they were also a cathedral." All true mountaineers, all whole-hearted lovers of the Alps, know what this means. One does not worship a cathedral; one loves it because of its associations, the emotions it inspires—because, in short, one worships in it. And *what* he worshipped, let Stephen himself say:

The mountains speak to me in tones at once more tender and more awe-inspiring than that of any mortal teacher. The loftiest and sweetest strains of Milton and Wordsworth may be more articulate, but do not lay so forcible a grasp upon my imagination. . . . There, as after a hot summer day the rocks radiate back their stores of

heat, every peak and forest seems to be still redolent with the most fragrant perfume of memory. . . . They retain whatever of high and tender and pure emotion may have once been associated with them.

Stephen's first marriage, with Miss Minnie Thackeray, in 1867, put some limits to his climbing, though not to his enjoyment of the Alps, but it brought him instead domestic happiness. One of his love-letters must be quoted here. It was scratched with a fork on the back of the *menu* of a Political Economy Club dinner:

My dearest Minny,—I am suffering the torments of the damned from that God-forgotten Thornton, who is boring on about supply and demand when I would give anything to be with you. He is not a bad fellow, but just now I hate him like poison. O-o-o-o-oh!

Ever yours,

Leslie Stephen.

Some charming letters to Mr. Holmes and other American friends—no space, alas! to quote them here—show conclusively how happy he was. His wife's death, in 1875, plunged him into corresponding woe; and again his deepest confidences seem to have been given to his American friends. To Mr. Norton he writes:

Do you sympathize with me when I say that the only writer whom I have been able to read with pleasure through this nightmare is Wordsworth? I used not to care for him specially, but now I love him.

In 1878 he was married again, to Mrs. Duckworth, and seventeen more years of wedded life were granted him. It was, on the whole—except for the overwork entailed by the Dictionary—his happiest time. A young family grew about him; his domestic affections, which were very strong, had full play; the circle of his friends was as large as he wished it to be; without going

into what is called society, he came more in contact with the world, and was taken out of his somewhat melancholy self. Work he had in plenty, work he enjoyed, at all events after 1891. He was the recognized head of his profession, the *doyen* of literary judges, "the best-loved," as an unknown admirer styled him, "of English critics." The expression pleased and surprised him; for few men have ever been less conscious of their charm than Leslie Stephen.

So the busy, fertile life went on, till in 1895 the shattering blow fell, and his house was a second time left unto him desolate. "The grief," says his biographer, "was much too deep for words"; but "with quiet courage he tried, as it were, to piece together the fragments of a shattered life." Other losses he had too—losses of friends like Lowell, a nephew of great promise, a step-daughter of rare beauty and charm. His deafness grew upon him, to such an extent as to cut him off from all share in ordinary conversation. Of his subject in these latter years, Mr. Maitland gives us several life-like and touching sketches. After remarking that "Stephen playing patience was not only a sight to see, but, if his luck was bad, a sound to hear," he continues:

Another sight I remember, for I have often seen it—Stephen sitting in an armchair, with some favorite book in one hand, while the other twists and untwists a lock of hair at one side of the head. Hair and beard are thin; every trace of harshness has disappeared from the face, but not every trace of that fanatical enthusiasm of which the essay on rowing speaks. He does not look much like a judicial critic of that book; but he does look very like Don Quixote—as noble a Don Quixote as painter could wish to see. And there is another look. The blue eyes wander round appealingly from child to child, for he cannot hear what they are saying, and wants to know why

they are laughing. The little joke must be shouted in his ear or he will not be content.

No wonder that his letters are no longer gay; but the sadness was mingled with the thankful recognition of much happiness in the past, and of some still left in the present. His children, his correspondence with a few friends, and work were his great resources.

I worked [he says] in order to distract my mind from painful thoughts, and at last broke down under the strain. . . . Meanwhile I have one great comfort. My children are all well and growing up as I could wish. My wife's two sons are as good to me as if they were my own, and my home is therefore in many ways a happy one, even now.

And again:

My life is so sad and lonely, except for my children, that it might cease without loss to me or any one. If I can still do some work, however, it will be bearable. I am cheerful enough, in a quiet way, as long as I can do something. Well, I have had a wonderfully good time, and must not whine.

Nor did he. His old impatience and irritability almost disappeared. "I am," he once wrote, "like my father, skilless, over-sensitive and nervously irritable . . . one of the most easily bored of mankind." But such slight defects were only on the surface. Beneath them were the real warmth and charm which made Lowell call him "the most lovable of men," and Mr. A. Greenwood write of him: "None of his friends were able to stop at friendship for him; the sentiment went straightway on to affection." Such as had insight and understanding soon found what was the essential nature of the man, but others were no doubt repelled by the impatience and irritability

which he sometimes displayed. He was not one of those who suffer fools gladly. "I cannot bear long sittings with dull people," he once wrote; "even when alone in my family I am sometimes as restless as a hyena."

But [says his biographer, truly] all the excitability, all the fidgets, belonged to the most superficial stratum of his character. They were an exterior network, below which all was constant and stable. . . . From that pettiness which often accompanies a sensitive temperament he was absolutely free. . . . Not only as author, but as man, Stephen was equable. Not placid, not always suave, he was equable, constant, magnanimous, though the sheath of some nerves—never a very thick sheath—had been worn away by hard work and many sorrows. . . . He was a man with unusually strong and steady affections. I have sometimes thought there was emotion enough in him to equip two or three first-class sentimentalists. . . . I should say of him as he said of Thackeray: "His writings seem to show that he valued tenderness, sympathy, and purity of nature as none but a man of exceptional kindness of heart knows how to value them."

As age and infirmity came upon him, his character seemed to mellow. Instead of becoming more crusty under afflictions, as is the case with ignoble souls, he became, without losing any particle of moral or intellectual force, softer and gentler, and, when death was at hand, calmer and more resigned. He knew well that the end was near. "What I think," he wrote to Mr. Maitland, "is that I am come to the last zigzag; every step will be 'down-hill'"; and, with an unforgettable expression on his face, he used the same phrase in conversation with another friend. "The last zigzag"—what a world of meaning and association is there! The hill of life, up which one laboriously and slowly toils, down which one slides with such ominous ease, was all but

crossed. And what memories of happy Alpine days must the phrase have stirred in his mind! The misty dawn, the clearing peaks flushed by the rising sun, the long and steady toil, upwards and upwards; the repose at the top, the welcome repast, the still more welcome pipe under a cloudless blue-black sky; then the descent, the thrilling glissade, the toilsome moraine, the grass-slopes with their chalets and tinkling herds, the pine-woods exhaling their delicious odors in the warmth of the evening sun, the long stony path winding ever down until the last zigzag is reached, and below, as the shades deepen towards night, the final resting-place comes into view.

Like his friend Henry Sidgwick, who had gone that same way but shortly before, he showed neither hurry nor re-

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luctance to depart, but calmly waited for the end.

Greatly as I had admired Stephen [says his biographer] I did not know how admirable he was until he was under sentence of death. . . . He was aware that the time was short; there was grave reason to fear that he would suffer great pain. But he faced the future not only gallantly, but good-humoredly. Not only did he "scribble" away at his *Ford Lectures*, his *Early Impressions*, and his *Hobbes*, but his one great desire seemed to be that he should not be troublesome to others. As his bodily strength ebbed apace his faults vanished. The dross was consumed, the gold shone; there was no impatience or restiveness; the clear, strong intellect and the affectionate heart were tranquil; and the humor, the good-humor, played round men and books, and life and death.

G. W. Prothero.

THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Admiral felt injured. He found himself, except for William, alone by the house-boat. He had offered to fish with Talbot, who had in the most uncomplimentary manner told him that he wanted to catch something for dinner and therefore must not be interrupted. With this Talbot had picked up his rod and basket and departed fiercely. Charles, it had come to be understood, was permanently occupied between breakfast and luncheon in trying to materialize an imaginary Gladstone bag. But on Majendie the Admiral had reckoned, for when he proposed a stroll the doctor had assented. Then Majendie had gone off, seemingly to the house-boat for tobacco, while the Admiral awaited his return.

When he had come to the end of his after-breakfast pipe he got up to look for his friend, but Majendie was nowhere to be seen. He asked William,

who was washing up, what had happened. The doctor, it seemed, had taken the boat and gone off to get some eggs at the farm; and so the Admiral was deserted. He was not indignant exactly, still less was he suspicious. If he had known that Talbot was hastening, by way of a haystack, to a field with a scarecrow in it, and Majendie to another field of which two sides were skirted by a path and in which was a brindled cow with a crumpled horn, he would have received no enlightenment. And yet, if he believed in heredity, his profession should have taught him to expect duplicity in man, to whom the human boy is father.

He helped William to wash up, so much was he in need of society, and then he set out for a lonely walk, for William having finished his task desired to fish for bream,—a lengthy oc-

cupation involving a great expenditure of silence. The Admiral therefore set off for a village some two miles away in which, he had heard, there were a church and a school, and presumably a pastor and a master with whom it might be possible to indulge in a little human conversation. And as he went he depreciated the scenery by apt comparisons to the scenery in Virgil and to the Alps and Lakes, and other things incidental to his profession.

History, being like schoolmasters fond of repetition, was repeating itself this very morning. The new camp had now been pitched long enough for its occupants to resume their ordinary life. Mrs. Lauriston, after breakfast was over, had retired to inspect the stock of provisions with Agatha and Martin. In consequence the elder Miss Neave presently emerged with the basket and announced that she was again going marketing. She set off with a quick decision that anticipated any offers of company.

Mr. Lauriston was smoking his cigar while watching the river with an air of dissatisfaction; it hardly supplied the place of his newspaper. Cicely had settled herself comfortably on a rug close to her uncle; her attitude suggested that her plans for the entire day were decided in favor of immobility. Miss Doris looked at her in envy.

When the cigar was nearly finished Mr. Lauriston arose and strolled unostentatiously away. His younger niece smiled; she guessed his destination, but the gleam of purpose in his eye puzzled her. Mr. Lauriston was indeed going to meet the magnificent Charles, but that was only a preliminary to more serious occupation.

"What are you going to do, Cicely?" enquired Doris when he had disappeared.

"There's plenty of time," was the answer.

"Would you like to go out for a row?" suggested Doris.

"You'd get dreadfully hot, dear," said the unselfish Cicely. "We'll go out after tea, if you like," she added as a concession.

"But it's hours and hours to tea, and it's such a lovely morning."

"One never does anything in the morning," stated Cicely generally.

Doris turned away with a half-sigh. She almost thought of volunteering to help Mrs. Lauriston, but experience warned her against so rash an intrusion. Finally she gathered together her sketching materials and prepared for a solitary walk. Cicely watched her friend go with some little shame. She did not really mean to stay in the camp till luncheon, nor did she think of spending the hours and hours in question in doing exactly nothing.

Meanwhile Doris with her sketch-book, portable easel, paint-box, and one of Mrs. Lauriston's best cups, started off along a lane in search of a subject for her brush. A clock struck ten, and attracted her attention. Chimes imply a tower; a tower in the country suggests ivy, sunlight, old stones and perhaps an appropriate village elder on a bench below engaged in contemplating, with pardonable satisfaction, the modest headstone which distinguishes him as a widower. And in due course Doris found all these things, with the exception of the elder.

She sketched away happily for more than an hour, and then a catastrophe occurred. Mrs. Lauriston's best cup upset itself, and to replenish it she had to leave the churchyard gate at which she was sitting and go down to the river which skirted the other side of the meadow. The bank was steep and rather slippery, and in descending she nearly fell. The cup did fall, settling down comfortably in four feet of water, quite out of reach. Mrs. Lau-

iston's tea-set would be irremediably incomplete.

Doris looked round, but no one was near. She resolved to go to the village and borrow a long stick with which she might fish the treasure up. Leaving her sketch she hurried away, determining to buy a mug or something, to avoid the repetition of such accidents in the future. She had hardly turned the corner when the school-hour ended and the ordered droning, which had indicated intelligent response on the part of pupils in the little gray school next the church, gave place to a shrill babel of many keys as the released mob burst forth. The little girls naturally conducted themselves with seemly gravity and set off to walk home, nearly every one guiding some reluctant infant brother or sister by the hand.

Of their elder brothers some expended their compressed activity in leap-frog; two of insignificant size indulged in an ineffectual fight concerning the privilege of escorting the sister of a third; five or six, who boasted themselves to be the proud possessors of squirrels, hastened to the river that they might secure the needful ammunition in various receptacles. In returning they came upon Doris's easel and began a heated debate as to the subject of the sketch thus unguardedly displayed. From criticism they proceeded to action, emboldened by perceiving a parasol and gloves which argued the absent artist a woman, whose efforts with true chivalry they thought to assist.

"Jan Miles could do it better nor she," argued the biggest with pardonable local pride.

"There he be," said another, as a small boy emerged from the school-room holding a slate and pencil. He was captured and brought to the easel. Without wasting words the committee commanded him to complete the picture.

"Draw a peeg," said the biggest boy indicating the spot in the foreground which he wished it to occupy. Jan Miles protested. It did not seem to him a suitable subject for a church-yard; he would have preferred the village elder,—"a man" as he phrased it. But the artist is dependent on his public; the present public demanded pigs, and pigs they were going to have. After all, reflected Jan, a pig is easier to draw than a man, so he assented and grasped Doris's brush, which he dipped into one of the receptacles and dabbed vigorously into the little pot of crimson lake which was prominent in the paint-box.

He had never handled so noble a brush or worked in so rich a color before, and the scruples of the moralist vanished before the promptings of the artist. Soon a large pig, unusual in hue but recognizable in shape, lived on the sketching-block, and Jan stepping back with brush aloft shut one eye and surveyed it with pride.

"More peegs," demanded his enthusiastic patrons, and Jan, nothing loth, proceeded to add a litter of smaller pigs which followed the larger one in an obedient crimson row across the picture. The effect was striking, almost allegorical.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded a stern voice. "Come here. What have you boys been doing?"

The little artist paused in the middle of his eleventh pig, though he was almost too absorbed to understand. The others began to run. The Admiral rearranged his tie, straightened his stray hat, put his pipe in his pocket, and prepared to cope with the situation. The boys showing no signs of obeying his command, he fell back upon a device imparted to him by a college friend who had served his apprenticeship in a primary school on the way to the proud post of inspector; the device, he had been told, never failed with the ele-

mentary schoolboy. "Boys! Attention!" he commanded.

The effect was instantaneous. Strangely attired though he might be the Admiral spoke as one having authority; an authority which the boys dared not dispute. They stopped in their flight. Then in obedience to his gesture they approached him timidly, shuffled with their feet, and looked shamefacedly down as they stood in an orderly row, holding their squirts well behind their backs.

"When," began the Admiral after a brief but withering survey, "when I find one small boy engaged in a piece of mischief and five larger boys looking on, I find it invariably the case that the onlookers are the instigators. It is a mean and cowardly thing to make others do what you dare not do yourselves. Stand still!"

The shuffling of feet ceased and the boys assumed a military correctness of attitude that would have rejoiced Mr. Lauriston, had he been there to see. One or two actually dropped their squirts in the grass behind them. "Never do in a person's absence what you would not do before them," pursued the Admiral, who was quite in his element. He enunciated this principle, so entirely subversive of all schoolboy, indeed of all human practice, with an air of finality that impressed his impromptu form to its discomfort. "What have you got there?" he demanded of the biggest boy, who produced his squirt and meekly surrendered it. "I will consider the question of its retention at the end of the hour." The Admiral instinctively put out his hand to place the article on his desk, but quickly remembered himself and put it into his pocket. A slight fizz caused a quickly suppressed grin to flit across the portentously vacuous face of the late owner. His squirt had leaked and extinguished the Admiral's still glowing pipe. The Ad-

miral was aware of it, but nothing would have induced him to betray his knowledge at this moment. Nevertheless he was sufficiently recalled to actual fact to remember that he was not in any real official capacity at present. His lecture was commendably brief, winding up with—"Must never occur again. You may go."

"Please teacher—" The biggest boy lingered. The Admiral's eye hardened; but the hour was over and the confiscated squirt was restored. The five culprits walked away with unwonted piety of aspect.

Little Jan Miles, however, stayed; he had not quite grasped the enormity of his offence and he had an explanation to offer. The Admiral's sternness had vanished with the departure of his class. The pipe was extracted and refilled, a match was struck, and then he very kindly asked the boy what he wanted. Jan explained that he didn't want to put in pigs really. The Admiral did not at first see that he had to deal with the artistic temperament, which is not recognized at our public schools. When Jan further explained, however, that his instinct had been to put in "a man" the Admiral realized it. He was not a schoolmaster at the moment, and in his leisure he painted himself. So he began to talk to the boy on the subject of the damaged sketch. From criticism he too proceeded to action, a rare feat in a critic, who is usually better pleased with explaining the deficiencies of his victim than with showing how it should be done. As a critic he should have talked; but as a schoolmaster he had the instinct of the fair copy.

When Doris returned with a hooked stick she found her stool occupied and a fresh sketch of the tower being rapidly executed by a male stranger, while a small boy looked on in round-eyed admiration. The situation baffled her.

The exclamation "Oh!" did not seem wholly adequate, but fortunately the Admiral looked up. He saw the evidently rightful proprietor; she seemed becomingly embarrassed.

"I beg your pardon," he said getting up and bowing. "But some boys spoilt your sketch, and I was trying to put it right before you came back. This is the culprit, but don't be too hard on him; it wasn't altogether his fault." He showed her the original with the addition of ten and a half crimson pigs. He flowed on glibly in explanation, saying that he had meant to leave her a sketch in the same condition as her own, and asked if she would have discovered the change. The small boy also came to the rescue by expressing admiration of the stranger's feat, and Doris began to feel less alarmed. Then the Admiral dismissed the cause of the introduction with a pat on the head and a shilling to buy himself a box of paints. She ventured to remark that he must be very fond of children.

"I am a schoolmaster," said the Admiral. Perhaps the answer was ambiguous, but she did not think so.

"Oh, that is such a noble career," she said warmly. It was a new idea to the Admiral, but he received it with a docility which proved that, unlike most of his brother pedagogues, he was still capable of learning.

"You might have had everything broken." He evaded her opening, from modesty as she thought, so she did not press the point but told him instead how it was that she had had to leave her easel defenceless. She related the tale of the teacup's loss and explained its importance in the set with a solemnity that delighted the Admiral. He insisted on recovering the heirloom and after some difficulty succeeded in fishing it up with the hooked stick.

By now it was a quarter to one and
Macmillan's Magazine.

luncheon was at half-past. The Admiral helped her to collect her belongings, and firmly appropriated the easel and the camp-stool. "You'll want morning light to finish it," he said, "or you'll miss all those fine shadows."

Doris guilelessly confessed her intention of returning next day, and the Admiral was satisfied. He walked beside her conversing on the suitable subjects for sketches that the neighborhood supplied. She acquiesced in his escort, a little shocked but not ill-pleased. After all he was a schoolmaster and Doris had ideals. Next to a clergyman, as the instructor of souls, she ranked the instructor of youth; she had never had any intimate acquaintance with either. Their roads eventually parted shortly before they reached the camp.

For the rest of the way the easel and camp-stool seemed unusually heavy to Doris. She was surprised at suddenly meeting Cicely. Cicely was also surprised; she was carrying a fishing-basket and a rug and that was all. "Have you been sketching, dear?" enquired the younger Miss Neave quickly. However, before Doris could reply she vanished behind a bush to emerge with an addition to her burdens, a rod neatly packed in its case. "I'm so glad to meet you," she pursued hurriedly; "we'll keep each other company in being late." She cast a regretful look behind her, for the bait-tin still lay in its hiding-place; but it would never do to pick that up now. So she began gaily to question the unsuspecting Doris, who was full of her adventure.

"You met one of the house-boat? What fun!" said Cicely. "You must tell me all about it when we go out for a row. Only don't tell the others just yet; I want to hear it all first; it'll be so much nicer."

(To be continued.)

THE NEED OF THE POOR.

There are two sides from which the question of the poor may be approached—the side of the theorizer and that of the man who speaks from experience. Of course the question looks different from one side and the other. The man who views it from book knowledge and from general considerations is apt to see the question in terms of an abstract problem; for him it is a matter of forces, presenting themselves more or less perfectly as mental conceptions, which can be dealt with like the x and y of a sum in algebra or the formulæ in a handbook of chemistry. He often takes a wide view; he sees causes in operation and effects which must follow, and he is convinced that his theory is right. What he too seldom sees, even if he is a man of sympathy, is the drama of the problem; he fails to realize that his theory concerns the most highly developed form of living matter, and that the terms of the problem are not merely statistical and economic, but vital in the fullest sense of that word. Anguish and aspiration, passion, affection, ennoblement, degradation, with every attribute of mind, heart and soul—these, each and all, distinguish the quick human being from the dead array of figures. It is this force of life, this tragedy and comedy, this human movement which governs the whole question, that makes the dry, abstract conclusions of the theorizer look so futile and inept to the man whose knowledge comes from first-hand experience.

But if it is true that the people with theories are too often people who have missed the essence of the whole matter, it is also true that the man whose knowledge is of experience only is apt to be carried away by sympathy and indignation, to "lose his head" at the sight of individual suffering and unde-

served want, and to forget the eternal and inexorable forces which are working behind these examples of "the world's wrong." Then it is easy enough to demand measures of immediate alleviation which will prove impossible in application or do more harm than good.

I think people who want to help the cause of the poor should avoid the extreme on each side; they should not be unduly daunted by academic theories, or believe that abstract considerations and groups of figures can solve a problem which has the whole of human nature in it; and they should not waste their energy in merely denouncing evils and injustices of which some are inherent in the scheme of the universe; they should busy themselves in remedying the others. For this reason I do not propose in this article either to appeal to statistics or to accuse any class of people or any British Government of being deliberate and malevolent oppressors.

Almost every one who has given thought to the subject agrees that the great mass of the poor in this country are divisible into three classes. First, there are those who are in steady employment at a fair wage, and who, though they can never afford for themselves the luxuries or the comforts of the wealthy, are able to make some provision for old age and for times of stress due to sickness, exceptionally slack trade, and so forth. Secondly, there are those whose employment is more or less unstable, it may be from the circumstances of their occupation, or it may be from faults of temperament, or lack of skill or application, or want of opportunity in early years. This class contains a great number of people who are neither good nor bad.

whom it would be unjust to treat as hopeless cases, but who are often enemies to themselves and their families. There are others who, in their misfortunes, are almost entirely the victims of economic conditions. Thirdly, there are those who are inherently bad or who have "gone under" beyond social redemption. It is this class which has affixed to "the poor" as a whole almost every stigma that has ever been unjustly attached to them.

There is as much self-respect—I believe there is more—to be found in the first of these classes as in any in the country. They preserve, too, the best national traditions of family life. They do not want charity—in the usual sense of doles—and it is only under the extreme pressure of misfortune that they will accept it. There is no fair reason why they should be dependent on it at any time. There should be a system corresponding to that of the Peasants' Banks, known in many Continental countries, by which they would be enabled to obtain loans at a low rate of interest on occasions of emergency. If they are disabled, and are not sufficiently provided for by the Employers' Liability Act, they should receive from the State a pension, independent of old age, which should carry no taint of pauperism with it. Their work is, after all, the chief asset of this country, and the means by which it is enabled to hold its place in the world, and such people ought to be treated as honored fighters in the industrial campaign, with a claim upon the nation. The best assistance which can be given to them in normal circumstances is by increase of opportunity. Good house-room at moderate rents, fresh air, cheap transit, are among their chief requirements. Great municipalities are useful and beneficent in so far as they provide these. When they do so, they are frequently denounced by the *Times* and other papers because they engage

in "municipal trading"—as if that were a crime.

I pass, for convenience sake, to consideration of the third class. No man or woman ought to be included in this for whom there is a reasonable hope of social salvation. But it is undeniable that there is a great multitude whose self-respect and self-control are gone. I will not try to apportion the blame for this; but it does not all rest, as a rule, on the people themselves. There are cases of diseased character. They will not work, and those who take the modern view and associate mental deterioration with physical brain deterioration are probably right in saying that they cannot. Gifts are wasted upon these people, and are certain to be misused. It is a little short of criminal to give them sums of money, which will be spent in the public-house with the worst possible effect. They have lost the sense of responsibility and are unfit to regulate their own lives or control their families. The only thing to do for them is to apply a healthy compulsion to them. They ought to be weeded out of the community, where their example tempts and contaminates the weaker members of a better class. They are, as the Germans have discovered, the proper inhabitants of State Labor Colonies; and such colonies can easily be rendered self-supporting.

The second is incomparably the most difficult to deal with of the classes which have been mentioned, and here the eye of practice is needed no less than the eye of sympathy in discriminating between the permanently helpless and those who can be profitably helped. A man may be demoralized temporarily, and yet be capable of a fresh start to good purpose. But if the demoralization continues too long, the man's character decays beyond redemption. And what is the general, almost the universal, cause of demoralization

among working people? Want of employment—I say it unhesitatingly. There is nothing that experience establishes more plainly. Let me give an example of the worker in whom the process has begun, but in whom it can be arrested. A few days ago I met in a 'bus a man whose face was familiar to me. He was carrying a paper parcel in his hand, and he was not sober. Presently he revealed the contents of the parcel—a great lump of raw steak—and told me the story of its purchase. "I done nothin' yesterday. I done nothin' the day before" (and this implies that he had been penniless and practically foodless), "and to-day I earned four bob. I'm goin' to get two bags" (half-gallons) "o' beer, and I'm going to have a bust to-day, if it's the last."

"And what about to-morrow?" I asked.

"To-morrow's got to do the same as yesterday done."

Now, to the fastidious mind of the man always accustomed to refinement this fellow-being would probably appear a disgusting, besotted, hopeless savage. But he was not, in fact, a hopeless case, or anything approaching to it; he was in that condition of incipient despair, brought about by squelched hope and enforced idleness, which I can only describe by the phrase that sticks in my mind as "don't-care-a-damishness." I have experienced it; so would any man, given the conditions.

Let me give another example, of a different kind. Not many nights ago two people—a man and a woman—came to my door to ask for help. The man had a plausible way with him and a plausible tale to tell. At the house of many a well-to-do-person he would have received a dole. But to one who knows the class he was plainly a humbug. I gave him nothing but the direction to the casual ward. He knew

he had been fairly recognized, and he went off without resentment. The woman was young and pretty, and had a child in her arms. She told a tale of a bare, foodless home; everything at the pawnbroker's that could go there. I am sure many a well-meaning person would have looked at that bonnie young woman with the gravest suspicion; she was not emaciated and did not seem ill. "The usual story, and the usual child," they would have said. "Often enough they hire the wretched children, and it shouldn't be allowed. An idle, good-for-nothing hussy." Well, I didn't think so. Somehow she seemed genuine. My wife went to her home, and it was clean as a place could be. Chapter and verse were given for her story, and it was true. Her husband had fought for bread, and so had she, and they had been defeated, for the time; that cruel defeat which is so common in "the annals of the poor." Is it marvellous that such people, worthy as they are by nature, become the prey of despair, suffer corruption by despair, drift downward, and at last become irredeemable? I repeat that the utmost care is needed in discriminating the fit in this class from the unfit, and only the eye of experience can do it.

And the remedy? Employment. I cannot repeat it too often or state it too emphatically. Regular work is the best safeguard of a man's character; it is the making of him. And I say that the State owes these men employment; it is the first duty of the nation to give them that chance of a decent life. The employment necessarily falls under two heads—that provided by private enterprise and that provided by public works.

In connection with employment to be derived from private enterprise, a great reform is necessary. Half the "out-of-works" are simply men in the wrong place. If the great problem of unem-

ployment is ever going to be dealt with seriously, the first step must be to find out not only where hands are wanted at the moment, but where hands will be wanted in the immediate and the proximate future, so that men, instead of remaining in districts where there is no opening for them, and increasing the congestion in markets already overfilled, may have every inducement to draft themselves to places where their labor is required. Few people realize to what an extent labor is "fluid"; how it flows, quickly and quietly, to meet the demand for it, when the demand is known. Not only unmarried men, but men with families, move in vast numbers annually to take up work in fresh fields. But at present there is too much drifting without intelligent direction; for example, from the villages to the towns, where people vaguely hope to obtain work at better wages. What is needed is that employers should be required by statute to supply to the Board of Trade, as a confidential document, a statement of their probable absorption of labor for a fixed period; they know whether their order books are full or not, and what the probable shrinkage or expansion of employment is likely to be in their case. The broad results of this information, without any divulging of particulars as to individual firms, should be made accessible through the Board of Trade, so that labor might be directed to the right channels; and there should be local bureaus to which workmen could write and obtain any further details that could be given without violation of confidence.

It is said that this would be a dangerous attack on the proper privacy of enterprise, and that damaging information would be supplied as to the status and intentions of firms and the conditions of industries. This argument seems to me to ignore facts. Income-

tax payers have to divulge the extent and character of their means to collectors of taxes, and personal and domestic details to the census officials. What detriment do they suffer? The information is treated as secret, though the summarized statistics are published; and a complaint as to breach of confidence is hardly ever heard. But in any case the welfare of the State is the highest law, and it is better that a few employers should run the risk of having some particulars divulged which they prefer to conceal than that thousands of capable working men should be dragged into the last straits of poverty, rendered a burden upon charity or rates, and demoralized to the perdition of their families as well as themselves. This is the worst possible system.

In the matter of State-aided works, these should not be "Relief Works" pure and simple—a means of providing an outlet for labor, and that only. The establishment of even such works is better than the creation of a great class of idle, dole-supported unemployed. But many works could be undertaken which, though infructuous at the time of construction and completion, would be of immense future utility and put this country in a position of much-needed advantage in the struggle with commercial rivals. There are great works which no industrial company would be found to undertake because the return upon outlay must be long deferred, and the initial expenditure heavy; but the State, which is a trustee for the nation's future as well as guardian of its present interests, could accomplish them, and the burden, distributed over the whole country, would hardly be perceptible. Some of our shrewdest rivals have shown themselves alive to these considerations. Our harbors and estuaries at once suggest themselves as places where such works could be usefully commenced;

and as the labor would, for the most part, be rough and heavy, there would be no danger of supplying loafers with a "soft job," or, on the other hand, of drawing away from private enterprise the labor which it needs, by an offer of superior attractions.

It is satisfactory to note that in recent years every class in the community has awakened to the truth that the problem of the unemployed must be

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faced and solved. And one thing is certain—whatever solution the nation may ultimately prefer, nothing satisfactory will be accomplished by doles, however well-intentioned the givers may be, and nothing satisfactory will be accomplished short of organizing employment at a living wage for every man who is willing to do a fair day's work.

Will Crooks.

THE ROMANCE OF A BOOKSELLER.

Fame had most unexpectedly, and at the ninth or tenth hour, found out Mr. R., the little bookseller. His Clorinda was the talk of the town. From the homely little Queen down to Miss in the country parsonage, everything of sensibility was weeping over Clorinda. The beaux had left off making wagers about the fashionable beauties and their prospective marriages, with matters less delicate, for speculation as to whether Clorinda, in the next instalment of the delicious story, would or would not subjugate Sir Bellamour. The tears that were shed over the imaginary heroine were enough to cause a flood in the river if they had been all diverted one way.

Carriages stood all day at the narrow entrance to Essex Court, where the Great Man was to be seen, not yet so great as to be above selling a second-hand book over the counter. Through the cobwebbed panes of the window and the low-browed door Beauty and Fashion peeped to catch a sight of the little ruddy-cheeked man in the shabby wig and dusty snuff-brown coat who had set them all to weeping. Some of the boldest even invaded the little dark shop, although it was an adventure for the ladies to enter the door with their hooped petticoats. There they would

bring their essences, and the brightness of their eyes, and the rustling of their stiff silks and many-colored fur-belowes, as fine as goddesses in a pink cloud painted by Mr. Cipriani on a ceiling.

They would languish and ogle and smile on the little snuff-brown man, and pay him such compliments as have seldom fallen to the lot of genius. It was quite true that the town had taken Clorinda seriously. When it seemed that her idyl was about to end sadly, a score fine ladies took to their beds with bottles of hysterical water and Miss-in-her-Teens, and wept into their pillows, to the destruction of their eyes and complexions.

No one could blame the little man for becoming a bit *entêté*, as our French neighbors say. Indeed it said much for the strength of his head that he kept it so well, for it was not only the fine ladies and gentlemen who were belauding him, but also the men of genius and of affairs. Garrick took off his hat to him; Sir Joshua came to the little bookshop and discussed the next instalment of the story, holding his ear-trumpet seriously for the answers; Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, who, Mr. R. had the wit to see, was a bigger man than he both in heart and mind, paid him simple

heartfelt compliments; it was even said that Dr. Johnson had expressed an interest in the fate of Clorinda, still characteristically describing her as a hussy. Statesmen and soldiers were falling over each other in order to obtain the latest chapter of Clorinda and her fortunes. It was perhaps to Mr. R.'s credit that, all things considered, he kept his head so well.

He would still make the journey between Essex Court and his country cottage at Hammersmith, a somewhat dangerous journey for any one who might be suspected to be worth robbing, for the Hammersmith Road was infested by footpads, who let the author of Clorinda pass by, a tribute as much to their own qualities of head and heart as to the writer of the famous romance: he could still make the journey with that irresistible if unfelt attraction which draws us all home.

He was yet quite satisfied that his two handsome blowsy daughters were the finest wenches in Christendom. He had not yet discovered that the color in their mother's cheeks had run, that she had grown ungainly in size and waddled in walking; that her speech was homely cockney and her ideas confined to cooking and housekeeping. He was not dissatisfied with his daughters' lovers, a couple of smart young cits, the one a silk-draper in St. Paul's Churchyard, the other a goldsmith by Temple Bar. Still the sweetbriar hedge which bounded his demesne held the world that mattered for him. It was good on summer evenings and summer Sundays to sit in an arbor wreathed in woodbine, listening to the songs of the birds, the tinkle of the sheep-bells beyond the hedge, and the lowing of the milking cows in the fields towards Fulham. This was what really concerned him. The fine ladies were no nearer to him than the full-bodied goddesses who leaned from

the pink cloud on Mr. Cipriani's ceilings. He had no desire to visit Mr. Selwyn in Gloucestershire or my Lord March in Scotland. He was lonely if he went further from the city than Hammersmith, and although he might have been at home with the great folk he was afraid of their lackeys. No: on the whole he kept his head better than could have been expected, neither neglecting his business nor finding the plain atmosphere of his own home and surroundings uncongenial to him.

Until one day he opened a letter in his shop—one of those which reached him in such numbers that he often barely glanced at their contents, which were always couched in terms of the same fulsome adulation. But this; this was different. It was written on rose-colored satin paper with a gilt edge, and as he opened it and stood holding it in his hand he could have sworn that the scent and color of apple-blossom filled the shop. His orchard at Hammersmith was bowery with it at this moment. If the orchard could have been transplanted by a miracle into Essex Court, the illusion could not have been more complete. He stood with half-closed eyes, the rose-colored sheet, with the little gold shell and the letter D in the top left-hand corner, seeming to suffuse his brain with rose-colored visions. After a second or two he began to read, holding the delicious thing to the dim pane the better to see it.

Honored Sir, it began: 'Tis an honest country lover that ventures to approach you, to intercede with you for the matchless Clorinda. Our parson—he is an honest man and of good family—brought it to us Friday se'nnight, that it was London talk that she should yield at last to the fascinating Bellamour and by him be cast aside when he had won her an hour. Sir, you would not break an honest country heart by making it so. Sir, you will not so wrong the sweet thing you have

created, and the Power that dwells on high to Protect Innocence, and the kindness which must lie in Bellamour's heart, by such a turn as this. Oh, sir, pause before you cast down in sorrow not only a multitude who hang upon the woes of Clorinda, but one heart which you have moved so that she thinks at times Clorinda is she and she Clorinda. She cannot sleep; she cannot eat; she cannot live till she knows that even at the last moment you have changed your design. Sir, the cause of Clorinda is the cause of virtue. If you cast her down Vice triumphs and Virtue falls. Waiting upon your will as one waits upon the will of Heaven,

Your humble admirer,

Dulcinea.

There was no reason why the letter should have moved him as it did. He had received epistles of the same sort, if few as artless. The others had not moved him, however highly placed were those who penned them. He had foreseen the end of Clorinda, the one inevitable, possible end. Was he going to alter it to please a country girl, even though the sweetness of apple-blossom was in her letter? He was certain he would do no such thing.

He wrote to Dulcinea a paternally kind letter, pointing out to her that art had its imperious demands no less than sentiment. That evening, as he jogged down to Hammersmith on his old pony, every breath of wind that blew the apple-orchards in his face seemed to bring him the presence of Dulcinea. For the first time that evening he noticed that Bessie, his wife, was growing old, that the red had run in streaks on her cheeks, that her nose was as shapeless as her figure. For the first time he was perturbed at the good soul's manner of eating. Her voice fretted him. He noticed that her slippers were down at heel and that there was a rent in her sacque. His daughters disturbed him too with chatter which he perceived for the first

time to be vulgar. Even the cottage, which had seemed a Paradise to him for long, vexed him in this new touchiness of his. There was a commonness about the little low rooms. His wife had spoilt them by having them decorated in blue and gold. Unconsciously, he was calling his belongings before the tribunal of Dulcinea and hearing them condemned.

After supper he retired in a mood of moroseness to the little orchard which was beyond sight and hearing of the house. He had no mind to hear his elder daughter play upon the spinet, an art she had acquired painfully, which had given him simple pleasure many an evening. For the first time he discovered that her fingers were clumsy and she put no soul in the music. His wife's voice followed him as he retired along the path by the beds of herbs to the orchard. "La, girls," it said; "be not vexed with your father. Some of those fine languishing bussies of his have got their affairs all twisted, and he must straighten them out again."

The speech irritated him. Somewhere at the back of his mind he perceived dimly that Clorinda was a hussy, although the fine folk had made him forget it for a while. Only that morning he had had a meeting with the man he detested of all others, Mr. F., the writer of fresh, breezy, virile books, who had had as yet no success to speak of.

"And how goes the baggage, Clorinda?" Mr. F. had asked him with a devil in his eye. "My friend, what melting tenderness! what sensibility! I offer you my respectful homage!"

It had annoyed the bookseller extremely, although he had forgotten the annoyance since the receipt of the apple-blossom letter. Now it recurred to him. He leaned across the gate which led from the little orchard into the paddock, and the scent of the

apple-blossoms was all about him. The little gnarled trees, each in a rosy gown, were bent to the earth under the weight of bloom. The stillness and the scents of the evening quieted his vexation. Dobbin, his old pony, came and thrust a long white nose into his hand for a caress. Absent-mindedly he smoothed the kindly, fondling nose. The orchard in all its pink bloom seemed to him like an exquisite woman. The woman whose letter smelt of apple-bloom; the orchard, in a pink gown like a lovely woman. They seemed somehow one and indivisible.

A letter from Dulcinea reached him as soon as it was possible to receive one. It was gentle; it was resigned: to be sure she had been "too owdacious" in pressing her thoughts and prayers upon the author of Clorinda. Since he willed Clorinda's story to end in gloom it must be best so, although for Dulcinea's part she must never cease to grieve for the fate of that matchless lady. The letter was so touching in its childlike gentleness that it brought tears to the eyes of Clorinda's maker. A couple of letters more from the charmer and he resolved to do what he had vowed not to do: that is to say, to make Clorinda happy in the possession of her Bellamour. After all, as the fair unknown had suggested, it would be the triumph of virtue over vice, with a coronet for Virtue's brows in the background. Whereas, if he had carried out his original intention, Vice would have triumphed and poor Virtue been sent packing out-of-doors to die in the cold.

He announced his capitulation to Dulcinea in a letter which still survives:

Beautiful and Incomparable Lady, he wrote: You remember the story of the man in the fable who, when the wind and the rain would fain have made him relinquish his cloak, but clung to it the tighter. But the gentle 'sun, warming him with its rays, did soon

bring about what the others by violence had failed to accomplish. So the gentleness of your nature, suffusing mine, compels me to cast off my cloak of self-will and to do as you desire. I will make Clorinda happy for your sake. If you would make your servant happy in return will you not let him see a likeness of yourself, so that what he has long dreamt on in secret may possess for him something of a living reality?

Dulcinea replied to him in a trembling rapture of gratitude. Henceforth she was without sorrow, since the exquisite Clorinda was to be blessed by the gaining of Bellamour's heart and hand. There was nothing she would not do in return for Strephon. They were Dulcinea and Strephon to each other by this time. But,—she had no picture of herself worthy to offer him. Perhaps when she came to town in the autumn she might sit for a miniature. Meanwhile would Strephon imagine a person of middle height, brown but not uncomely? Brown eyes, brown hair, with an inclination to chestnut in both. Lips indifferent red, and white teeth. A form plump but not too much so. Hands plump, passable white, and dimpled at the knuckles. Small feet. A cheerful person withal and very ready to laugh; somewhat kind, honest and true. And ever and ever devoted to the author of the adorable Clorinda.

As he returned the letter to the packet something fell from it, which, when he took it up, proved to be a curl of hair. It was of a bronze color, only with more sunlight in its depths than anything not living could have. As he seized upon it with reverential tenderness it curled about his fingers lightly, and it was as though some delicate invisible thing had laid hold of him and would not let him go. He stooped and brushed it with his thin, precise lips. Then he put it away in a secret place.

That day, coming upon his enemy in St. James's, the latter saluted him with a mocking laugh which goaded the bookseller almost to madness. "What!" he cried. "Do you go cross-gartered like Malvollo? I shall read you all the signs of a lover."

Mr. R. brushed past him, and left him standing on the pavement, a gallant figure of a man, to attract the eyes of the passers-by. Some sense of the contrast between him and Mr. F.—he, a plucked withered atomy of a man, the other with the air of a soldier, a man of adventures, of amours—made him shrink within himself as though he feared the daylight. And,—was it possible that the signs of his disorder were so evident in him that the mocking popinjay had read them plain? He knew himself by this time that he was in love, and with a shadow.

Presently his lady played with him as the cat with a mouse. He should see her, he should not see her. She would tell him all, she would tell him nothing. She was a maid, she was a wife, she was a widow. She was the victim of jealousy: she was misunderstood. At one time she sighed for a soul to understand her; at another she was demure and distant. She ceased to talk of Clorinda, she talked now of herself, with an egoism that never tired: yet she revealed nothing of her identity. As though she had guessed at wild impulses in his mind, she had forbidden him under pain of her everlasting displeasure to seek to know more of her than she chose to impart.

With one hope she kept him quiet—that in the autumn, when she proposed visiting the Town, he might see her. For the present he had to be content with the golden-chestnut lock of hair which he carried about his neck, and with the vision of her which floated to him from her letters as something exquisite, steeped in an atmosphere of apple-blossom.

For all his success he was still the little bookseller, and a moral man through and through. His infidelity of soul to his wife, who had grown old with him, whom he remembered as comely as a hollyhock, irked him. He was not a man of fashion to sin easily. Thoughts had come into his mind at times which he had looked at before he had driven them out—thoughts of what might happen if by any means his Bessie, poor soul, were to die. This was when Dulcinea was in a melting mood, and wrote languishing letters to him making up for those in which she had been capricious and coy.

He did not sin lightly like a fine gentleman. When he was in the presence of the poor, kind, foolish, overblown wife, his sense of guilt towards her made him sour and irritable. Her eyes were often red now. To catch sight of them was to have his dream of apple-blossom lose its magic for the time. It was easier with his daughters, who adored their mother, and so tossed their heads at him and were impertinent. They had nothing to do with it; they were mere accidental creatures. The trouble which fretted and made him unbearable when he was at Hammersmith was between him and their mother, the poor woman he had outgrown, with whom he had been well-content until that scent of apple-blossom had floated into his little drab-colored life. That his daughters were minxes did not matter; perhaps in his heart he thought the more of them for it.

But to be out of sight of Bessie's red eyes, and the sighs which now and again she heaved cavernously, he absented himself as much as might be from the home which had been everything desirable to him before he had written of Clorinda and become the fashion.

He found it necessary to take a lodging in town, where he stayed

week after week, unless when some of his fine friends carried him off to their splendid houses for a country visit.

Clorinda had now run her course; and he should be casting about him for an idea for a worthy successor to that immortal story. But he could think of nothing except the mysterious lady who had so turned his staid head; and of her promise that presently, if Strephon was patient, they should meet.

The time was now no further off than a few weeks, which went quickly. She would not yet give him word of how they should meet or when or where. While his poor Bessie, heaving sighs from the depths of her fat bosom, cried out to her comfortable daughters, "Oh, girls, girls, I have lost your father!" he hid himself away in his dark lodgings in Clifford's Inn, leaving the shop to take care of itself, denying himself to all who sought him, living only for those rose-colored letters with the scent of apple-blossom which came to him at varying intervals.

Betwixt the trouble of his conscience and the strain of expectation he lost his cheerfulness of aspect, which once had made him not so unlike a robin. Mr. F. might now have read him the signs of a lover, for the once dapper little person was somewhat neglected; the snuff-colored suit was dusty; his cravat awry; the powder of his wig many days old; his face bore unmistakable marks of suffering and strain.

If he had been about as usual he must have heard of Mr. F.'s book, over which the town was splitting its sides. But he kept to his lodgings, where he was served by an old woman. Once when he went out he saw his enemy approaching him with a more swaggering and triumphant air than ever.

There was no time to avoid a meeting, and he braced himself to bear it, though he had a thought of pity for

himself that he was too sick a man to be a subject for Mr. F.'s flouts and gibes. But to his amazement Mr. F., who had come to meet him, swinging his clouded cane in too robust a fashion for Piccadilly, suddenly gave up his first intention of insolence.

"I am sorry to see you looking so indisposed, sir," he said, and then he flushed, and with a shame-faced air extended his hand. The bookseller took it and held it an instant. His own was hot and trembling.

"I would see a physician," Mr. F. said. "You are not as robust as your admirers, among whom I count myself one, would wish to see you."

He went back to Clifford's Inn with a weak and hesitating step. The room was in a dusty disorder, very different from the neatness and freshness of the Hammersmith cottage. He looked at himself in a glass. Mr. F.'s consideration, his evident pity, had frightened him. Supposing he were to fall ill! It was now Friday, and Sunday was the day appointed by Dulcinea for their meeting. On Sunday she would walk in the Park. Strephon also would be there. They would surely find out each other among the crowd. Was it likely their hearts would not tell them?

What he saw in the green, spotted glass frightened him. His face was as yellow as a guinea, and there was a three days' beard on his chin. There was a spot on each cheek, darkly red. His eyes had sunk in their sockets. He felt hot and cold by turns, and the apprehension that he might be unable to appear in the Park made him feel sick and wretched.

"Oh, Dulcinea," he sighed, "your Strephon is exhausted. You have hidden yourself from him too long. He is worn out with waiting to behold you."

At the same moment his poor Bessie was sobbing to her sympathetic, indignant Prue and Sophy for the hundredth

time: "Oh, girls, girls, I have lost your father!"

When Sunday came he could hardly drag himself from bed; but he got up, and made a careful toilet. He had a new suit, which, although sober, was very elegant. It consisted of a pearl-gray silk coat and waistcoat, with white small-clothes. Pearl-gray stockings, and shoes with red heels, completed his attire. His wig was fresh powdered, and he carried a cane. He used the latter for leaning on more than its strength warranted; and he wished he had chosen another place than the Park, where he recognized many fashionable acquaintances, some of whom, he was sure, lifted their eyebrows over his finery.

It was a September day, but there was an east wind blowing which pinched the leaves and the flowers and the faces of the women even under their rouge. He felt at first no sense of cold, although his new garments were somewhat thin against the east wind. He hardly noticed those who passed him by. He was not mobbed as he would have been a few months earlier. In fact, it might have seemed to an observant spectator that people rather avoided him, although they stood in groups and whispered and smiled when he had passed by.

It was not until he had been walking up and down quite a long time, staring in the face of every woman he met, that he became conscious of being tired and cold. He sat down on a chair; too absorbed in watching for a face to feel more than a passing wonder that his chair was not surrounded by flatterers as usual. Once he shrank a little within himself as he saw Mr. F. pass by. Why were the people staring at him and mobbing him? An obscure, insolent fellow like him! He shivered in the east wind, and again he burned. He was conscious that he must cut an odd appearance, staring in the faces

of the women as he was doing, but he could not help it. Any woman might be *Dulcinea*. If he were to miss her! He turned cold and hot with the fear, cold and hot again. His eyes grew dazed. Faces were becoming alike to him. He could hardly distinguish one from another.

Three o'clock, and the Park was emptying. All the fashionable folk were going home to dinner. He stayed on till there was hardly any one left but himself. At the last indeed his head swam, and he had no inclination to leave his chair. It was all over and she had not come. And he was very cold and very hot.

Some one bent over him and spoke to him sympathetically. Of all men it was Mr. F., his enemy.

"I have been observing you for some time, sir," he said, "and I fear you are indisposed. Let me take you to your lodgings. Pray do not say nay to me. It is an honor to be of the slightest service to so incomparable an author."

There was not a hint of mockery in his voice. He slipped an arm about the little frame as though he had been Mr. R.'s son, and assisted him to arise. He drove with him to his lodgings, saw him into his bed, and brought a physician to the bedside. The physician, who knew neither man, was astonished how the gentleman who had fetched him kept himself in the background. The patient had a chill, he said, and was feverish in consequence. He was to live on barley-water, and to be kept warm. Doubtless he would be better in a day or two.

After a night of burning thirst and wretched tossing to and fro, Mr. R. awoke to the scent of apple-blossom. There was a letter by his bed at which he snatched as eagerly as his strength would allow. It took him some time to decipher the thin spidery handwriting because of his throbbing head and

aching eyes. At last he took in the full contents. She had been in the Park; she had seen him; had had him pointed out to her. How strange that he had not known her! It was as good as a play to see how he watched the women, while she stood at his elbow. She had seen Mr. Henry F., the famous author, there. The whole world was laughing over his "William Ambrose." She was dying for a new sensation, and she was going to read the book as soon as she could get a copy. She believed the printers' presses could not turn them out fast enough.

At this point Mr. R. put down the letter, and his eyes filled with tears of disappointment, because he had missed her. He lay with them closed, feeling the scent of her apple-blossom. Then he opened them and looked languidly about the room. A cold breakfast, unfit for a sick man, stood by his bed. The disorder of last night was in the room. The fire was still unlit, and the light came sadly through the cobwebbed and dusty windows.

He felt the wretchedness of it all, and he sighed, with a half inclination towards the comfort and cleanliness of the Hammersmith cottage, amid its verdant woods and fields.

A little later and the doctor was by his bedside. There was a new respect in his manner. The famous Mr. F. had informed him of his illustrious patient. There was a hackney coach at the door, by Mr. F.'s orders, to convey Mr. R. to his home at Hammersmith. The doctor begged leave to accompany Mr. R. to his own house. Everything should be done for his comfort.

After all, it was like heaven to lie in the clean lavender-smelling sheets and look out at the yellow rose wreathing the window, and the fresh country sky; and to hear the birds sing, and to have Bessie doing everything to alleviate his discomfort as only she knew how. He

rattled like a wheezing bellows, and every breath he drew was torture.

For a few days he was too ill to feel even the prickings of conscience. At last he awoke easier, and found half a dozen pink letters on his coverlet. He read through them by slow degrees. She had been to Essex Court in hopes to buy a book from him; she had stood and peered in at his window; she had waited on his doorstep. But she had seen nothing of him. Perhaps now they would not meet. She must return to Devonshire at the week-end. She had got "William Ambrose" at last, and was vastly delighted with it. Some one had said to her that it was the death of sentiment. Positively, before she left town, she must meet the delightful author.

It passed over the sick man's head without troubling him. This world of the feather-bed and the white curtains, between which now and again his Bessie's kind faithful eyes looked, was so far away from the scent of apple-blossoms and the ring of chestnut hair and the coquette who had tortured him.

A few days more and he was out of doors on a sofa. The warm weather had come back, and it was pleasant to lie all day with closed eyes, to be forgiven and caressed.

There was a rustle of silk near him, and he looked up to see a lady standing by his couch; she was not far short of middle age, but she was comely, with a wandering brown eye and a meaning smile.

"Poor Strephon!" she said, in a mincing, affected voice. "After all, Dulcinea could not go without seeing thee. So thou hast been ill. I broke away from my husband, Sir Ralph, to visit thee. The good man loves me too well not to be jealous."

She was wearing pink as he had fancied she would. Her full figure almost burst her stays; and under the wide pink hat, tied with blue ribbons, her

eyes ogled him coldly. And after all it was not apple-blossom he smelt, but musk. She was ripe as a peach, somewhat over-ripe. There was a down on her skin which reminded him of an animal.

He said something confusedly. He knew that he must be looking a dreadful object for a Strephon, but he hardly cared. She sat down on a seat by him, and her eyes roamed about her.

"Tis a pretty spot," she said. "But la! you should see Lyme. My husband, Sir Ralph, cannot bear a rabble of writers and painters and music-makers. He has no sensibility, but he is a fine figure of a man, with a well-turned leg. So Clorinda is out of fashion. 'William Ambrose' has clean killed her. What sport Mr. F. has made of her! We are all vastly indignant with you that ever you made us weep."

"Madam," said a voice beside her. Was it possible it could be Bessie's, so calm, so dignified? "My husband is not yet equal to receiving visitors. A few days more perhaps. To be sure his friends will not long be kept out."

She was between Mr. R. and the
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lady, who retired before the quiet on-coming movement.

"La!" she said, as she reached the gate. "Has he any friends left? I should have thought they were all crowding to Mr. F. Clorinda is out of fashion."

She was beyond the little wicket-gate now, in the road, where a carriage awaited her. The great novelist's plain, ungainly wife closed the gate upon her rival. Then she came back and sat down by the couch. The chair creaked beneath her weight.

Her husband turned and looked at her. The expression in his eyes might have satisfied any woman.

"Is the hussy gone?" he asked.

"She is gone."

"I wish a fresh wind would blow away her essences. Faugh! How many musk-rats must have gone to the making of it!"

He was silent for a second or two. Then he reached out for her hand, and, taking it, laid it against his lips.

"A virtuous woman is a pearl of price to her husband," he said. "And so the town laughs at me! Let it laugh! We shall not hear it."

Katharine Tynan.

MY MOORISH FRIENDS.

A great many Europeans have seen Tangier, and whoever has seen Tangier thinks very naturally that he has been in Morocco, has seen Morocco. The moment you land, even before landing, when boats come alongside, the eye is glutted with strangeness and with beauty. Going up, through the streets, those narrow cobble-paved lanes where no wheeled vehicle passes, as you push your way among men and women dressed as their ancestors have dressed for many centuries, among saddle-horses, laden mules and donkeys, progressing among cries of "*balak*,

balak (clear the way)," as you look at the little cupboards, six feet square, where the shop-keeper squats crossed-legged within arm's length of any of his wares—you say to yourself inevitably: "This is the real thing; this is the country of the Prophet in all its fulness." Yet everywhere as you look about, you will see the trousered European pass among the robed figures, like a stage-carpenter in the midst of some gorgeous dress rehearsal. Not until you have the chance to compare the life of Tangier with that of some place really Moorish do you realize the sig-

nificance of that undecorative apparition. Then indeed you understand that Tangier is not Morocco at all, that it is an excrescence on the country, a lodgment of the European bacillus, a Moorish city where the European, if he does not rule, at least prevents the Moor from ruling, where a compromise between two civilizations is arrived at by accepting the vices of both.

Of course even in Tangier Moorish life exists unaffected by the influence of the stranger; but the stranger in a general way will not see it. Moorish homes are closed against him, the mosques are inaccessible; there remains only the market-place, which he does see, and the cafés, which he does not. Your guide will undoubtedly take you to a place where Moorish musicians play and sing, where you may see well-dressed Moors smoking and playing cards. But these Moors are generally professional guides; there are seats specially provided for the European; for his edification the walls are covered with a glare of tawdry decoration, and to him the band look for payment, after they have finished the wild tune which quickens strident strings and clashing cymbals to a savage whirl of battle fury,—the tune to which the Moors conquered Spain. A strange irony, is it not? Yet every genuine Moor, though he may come begging to you for pence in exchange for some trivial service, believes implicitly that the proper place for his foot is on the neck of the European.

The real thing can of course be seen easily enough, but the ordinary guide will not take you to see it, nor does the ordinary resident go to the really Moorish cafés. The reason is sufficiently simple; one goes at the risk of a certain most unromantic affliction. But the friend under whose auspices I went to Morocco (commended by him to the Moorish gentleman who had been his companion during several

years of residence and travel up and down the country) told me that it was worth while to take the risk, though he himself had expended large sums on the admirable Keating. I followed his advice (with tolerable impunity too); and though I have pleasant memories of rides about Tangier, of bargaining in little shops, and of watching the ever-changing pageant of the market-place and the streets, what I really saw of Morocco in Tangier I saw in this manner.

It is the usage of the hillmen when they come to Tangier to gather in a café kept by some man of their own clan; near my hotel on the market-place was a row of these cafés, and the owner of one had served my friend. Here I used to spend hours with my guide, a *shereef* belonging to the same clan; and here one saw no trace of the European. The accommodation was of the simplest. Against the wall of a stable-yard were built party-walls, dividing the space, so that each café when roofed over made a single long room perhaps twenty-five feet by twelve. This was carpeted with matting, and at the entrance sackcloth was thrown down, on which shoes had to be left. To the right of the door was a large barrel of water; in the corner, to the left, the charcoal fire, set high up in a stove, over which tea and coffee were always preparing, cup by cup. A couple of stools and boxes stood by the water-tank, and here I used to sit; the Moors squatted cross-legged on the floor, and of an evening they would be close as sardines in a tin. The whole picture was in tones of brown, for all these countrymen wore the *jelab*, or cloak, of brown sackcloth, sometimes tagged here and there with red and green, and though a few might be turbaned, the generality wore round their heads either a rope of camel's hair, or the brown cloth rifle-case. A goodly show of rifles hung on the walls, for

guns, though carried in the market-place, were not, as a rule, taken into the town. But once I saw the good-humored host, Abd-el-Kerim, rise and depart, and before he set out sling a large cutlass about him. "I suppose," said the shereef, in answer to my question, "he has an enemy." No one else took the least notice.

Once, as I sat there, a company of people came in, all robed in white, with hoods pulled over their heads; the leader, a man of about thirty, began rapidly, but with impressive utterance, to declaim a form of words, and it came with a sort of shock to me to hear the youths who followed him chime in at the close, *amen*. While he went through a series of these prayers, punctuated with the *amens* close and sharp as volley-firing, the shereef explained to me that this was a scribe with pupils training to be scribes; that they left their college and went on tour for a while, asking alms from town to town in order to provide for the great festivity with which their holiday opened. When the prayers ended, one of the pupils went through the company collecting pence, and as he went past I gave my contribution to the shereef to offer. But the scribe stopped short, looked a little confused, and said hurriedly (so the shereef interpreted) that he offered prayers for money and that he could not offer prayers for an infidel. However, when we explained that it was the gift of a scribe to a scribe and that I was willing to forego my part in the prayers, he bowed and smiled courteously, and with his pupils vanished into the night, to resume his collections elsewhere.

Such small traits of usage can be seen in a hundred places in Tangier. I did not stray beyond Abd-el-Kerim's fold, partly because of my liking for his genial welcome, partly because of a belief that the less one moves about in a country, where all is strange, the

more one sees. But the place in which I really feel that I saw something of Moorish life was the little port of Laraiche, some fifty miles from Tangier, where I was detained by foul weather for a matter of ten days. There were Europeans here, about one in a thousand of the population, but one hardly saw them; they managed nothing except the steamer traffic. Doubtless the rules which governed the town could be suspended or evaded for their benefit, but not always. The gates of Laraiche, for example, shut at sundown, after that the ordinary person could not enter or go out, and travellers, camped in the market-place outside, had to complete their purchases in good time. Once, moreover, after a ride in the surrounding country, I found the town shut against me not long after noon; and my shereef explained that it was a Friday, the Moorish Sunday, and the hour of prayer. Long ago in Andalusia, Spaniards had fallen on a town and surprised it, while the whole body of believers were at their devotions; since then it was the usage to bar out all comers during that sacred hour. All this discipline of life, normal everywhere else in Morocco, is not found in Tangier.

Nor was this the only curtailment of liberty. At half-past eight a gun was fired, and after it no one was entitled to walk the streets. I am bound to say that my shereef disregarded the rule, but he was, to begin with, a shereef, and, to go on with, a Russian subject; it is the extraordinary practice of European nations in Morocco to issue protections to favored Moors, enabling these citizens to defy their own Government. Moreover, he was acquainted with the authorities, as I found when we went to view the prison,—which again marked the contrast between Morocco and Tangier. For at Tangier everybody goes as a matter of course to see the gaols, where prisoners stick

their heads through a wicket and accost you volubly (I noted with interest that every inmate of the town-gaol was a fluent speaker of English), and where the gaoler is an oily impertinent ruffian, with a hand indecently itching for tips. Here at Laralche the prison was an edifice of some dignity; a strong place, it guarded the more important captives, *kaid*s and other high officials in disgrace, and no communication was permitted. Outside it, in a sort of guardhouse at the entrance, on a cushioned seat, reclined an elderly but very handsome Moor, faultlessly arrayed in dark blue and white. This was no less a person than the Khalifa, and the shereef presented me. I expressed my thanks for civilities which we had received, and my admiration for his town; and we parted as we had met with a long hand-clasp, suggestive of a masonic grip. His hands, I noticed, were cared for like a woman's, plump and well-shaped. Many times after that I thought of the Scriptural phrase of greetings in the market-place; for I would meet the Khalifa often in my strolling through the town, and though I had no more words than *salaamah*, nor he than *addio*, we always met as friends, and I could see glances and gestures among the bystanders which made me feel my social position heightened.

The market-place within the walls struck me as more beautiful architecturally than anything in Tangier. It had indeed none of the richness in ornament which make the great gateways to the mosques so exquisite in the more flourishing towns; that minute chiselling is a marvel of workmanship. I saw in Tangier an artist or artisan at work on a wall, cutting the plaster into the likeness of a honeycomb; the cells were chiselled two or three inches deep, and slanted upwards so that the eye pierced into the depth of shadow. But although at Laralche there was no sin-

gle splendor, the total effect was excellent; for this oblong enclosure, perhaps a hundred yards in length, was irregular in its lines; the two colonnades, with their rows of shops inside (Jews in the western, Moors in the eastern arcade), were charmingly proportioned, and it seemed to me an added beauty that the arcades were not parallel, but as you looked towards the gate of the citadel, they inclined towards each other. And in the far distance, near the gate, one perceived another tiny arcade in which on warm days the Khalifa sat in judgment. The front of the citadel was of fine red brick, decorated with the commonest and most effective of Moorish devices for a frieze, crescent-shaped tiles set with the points alternately upwards and downwards, and overlapping so that two points met in the arc of each crescent. The color of the tiles is always a dark green, which after some exposure in the sun takes a flecked gloss, like snake-skin. The same color is always used to paint the heavy doors, splendidly patterned with heavy iron studs, which are a beautiful feature of Moorish streets, though nothing could more emphasize the exclusiveness of a Moorish interior.

And indeed, if the stricter sect had their way, it is not only from the houses that the European would be shut out. We spent our first night camped uncomfortably in the dirty market-place outside the walls; next day, by the Khalifa's invitation, we moved in and camped on the great Portuguese-built wall. Here we had been lodged a day or two, when one evening the shereef, returning with me, was stopped by a tall white-robed figure. In a few minutes he joined me explaining that this was the "holy man" of the town, who had come to express his displeasure at finding an infidel camped "on the wall of the holy fort." "But," added the shereef, "he

says for my sake he will forgive you," not out of any personal kindness, let it be understood, but as a sign of the respect due from one descendant of Muley Idris to another. Two or three days later we entered the café which my shereef frequented, the usual bare, carpeted room, with the tiny stove in one corner. Between this and the door giving on to the street stood a small table filling the whole wall (for the room lay parallel to the street), and on this table was the place of honor. It could hold three men at a pinch, and it held them now. One was a friend of ours, the captain of a lighter in the harbor, a shereef, and more than that, a *hadji*, one who had made the journey to Mecca. But my friend Hady Abdssalam had made another journey,—to London, no less, and had stayed there three months while his ship was discharging cargo and re-loading; he had acquired a few phrases of English and much London experience, and it delighted him to air both. A pleasanter, honester countenance than that of this Moorish sailor I have never seen. Ruddy rather than swarthy, he might have passed readily for a Biscayan, and cheerful good-humor beamed from every line of his bearded face. With him, as with so many Moors, the beard, never shaved, grew fine and silky, its short growth following and not concealing the lines from ear to chin. His clear blue eyes and tanned face spoke of the prime of condition: he had indeed the name of one of Larache's best seamen; but there was nothing hard or bony about his healthy vigor.

Very different was the man who sat on his right in the place of honor next the stove. Hady Abdssalam was curled up, snug as a dormouse; his neighbor sat erect and stiff, even in the loose folds of his white burnous. His complexion dark and billous, his beard black and stiff, his eyes unsmiling, his

eyebrows raised and peaked, his cheekbones accentuated, all spoke the religious enthusiast; and this was indeed the holy man. My shereef greeted him, but when the greeting was received in silence, continued his conversation with yet another shereef, a common sailor, but receiving respect and precedence like the others. I leaned with my elbow on the table, chatting with much friendship but much difficulty to Hady Abdssalam, when suddenly the saint, without moving, began to speak in a loud, harsh, resonant voice; then, still continuing to declaim, he stretched out a bony hand and pointed it at me like a pistol.

People laughed through the room, Hady Abdssalam chuckled quietly, and I asked my shereef what the saint was saying. "He says you belong to the fellowship of devils," was the version I got; but it must have been a scanty rendering, for the enthusiast spoke on, louder and louder, with brief pauses. His spittle ran on to his beard, his outstretched hand quivered as if in epilepsy; then suddenly he brought out from beside him a big ashen staff, and propping his two hands upon it repeated twice a word which I knew the meaning of, "*baráka, baráka* (enough, it is enough)." Evidently he did not mean that his discourse sufficed, for he went off again at score, and the shereef told me in undertones that he was heaping reproaches on the Sultan for leaning so much on Europeans. I asked my interpreter to say that the Sultan was young and would learn better, but I was told that it "was not good to talk politics." To talk politics in public you must be privileged, and the privileges of a holy man in this matter are unlimited. For a good quarter of an hour he declaimed fiercely, always with his finger like a pistol-barrel at my head, against the new ways that had come into Morocco, against the Sultan, and against the Shereef of

Wazzan, who in his judgment had begun all the mischief. For this shereef, the richest and most influential in Morocco, married an Englishwoman, and then procured protection as a French subject.

It was as curious a display of fanatic oratory as one could see, and my interest in it was heightened by the ashen staff so near my head. But the assemblage, though they listened, changed nothing of their friendly aspect, and to my surprise, punctuated the discourse with laughter. Often when I asked for a translation my shereef would answer: "It is difficult to understand; he speaks what comes to his mouth." He declaimed, in fact, the riddling language of prophecy.

I found afterwards that without an audience he was less declamatory and less fierce. We came in one morning when he had the café to himself, and after some reluctance he was drawn into conversation, and interested himself in my movements so much that when my shereef took the cup of tea which he had ordered, the holy man stopped him. "Drink coffee," he said, "so the bar will become good for you." We substituted coffee at his bidding: I may add that the tea was not wasted, for the holy man drank it, in addition to the cup which we had already provided. On no occasion did he show any unwillingness to smoke the unbeliever's cigarettes. But on this day he became positively friendly, invited me to become a dweller in Larache, and upon explanation that my most urgent desire was to get out of it, he undertook to go down and "shout" to the bar for me.

The bar is the governing future of the life of Larache. With a good bar steamers lie off, and the big lighters, with their fifteen oars a-side, ply busily; the wharf is a scene of bustle, with sweating porters carrying bales and loading them on to mules, while placid

officials sit statuesque in their draperies, ticking off items in an incongruously European note-book. With a bad bar the sea is vacant for days (for the coast is harborless) except where there is some hope that the surf may abate; then perhaps steamers come down and wait forlornly, anxious to discharge their wares; but the captain of the port forbids any to attempt going out, and the Moorish boatmen acquiesce in great contentment. I was kept a prisoner long enough to realize how the conditions fell in with Moorish fatalism. No one could judge securely of the bar; only Allah knew; for indeed its motions depended on the weather in the North Atlantic and showed often only the recoil after unfelt storms. But since Allah knew, no one cared to grumble except the two or three Europeans whose movements were thus obscurely impeded. And we sat and cursed at the roaring surf and resented the existence of a Government which would not dredge a channel to keep the port open.

The Moor, however, is free from all this itch of impatience. He desires no changes. Just as he has devised a costume which suits him and remains constant to it through the centuries, exempt from fashion, so he has the kind of country that he desires, and leaves it as it is. If he is not content with the administration of justice, he steers clear of it so far as he can, and makes a proverb: "Beware of fire, water, and the Government." If he finds travel difficult, he does not seek to build roads, he makes a proverb: "If wealth is to come, why go to seek it?"—since in any case Allah decides whether you shall be rich or poor. The one thing that will rouse him to activity is the fear of radical change,—that is, the fear of the European. When I was at Larache, two bronze lions stood on the wharf, consigned from England to the Sultan, and they were

a source of constant and bitter comment; for the law of the Prophet forbids graven images. Moors did not declaim against them, for "the mouth which is shut, no files enter"; but they listened to the licensed speech of the holy man. If the Pretender wishes to rouse an audience he does not tell them of the exactions of the pashas; he shows them a picture of the Sultan riding a bicycle. Corrupt governors are part of the recognized evils, but a Sultan who rides a bicycle and plays cricket is a threat to the established order, a man who may give to Europe the keys of the holy fort. And when word went round to the tribes that all men were to bring their rifles and the Sultan would pay for them, suspicion grew into certainty. The Sultan who issued such an order was preparing to give his country over tied and bound to the European. "We will give up our wives rather," answered the mountaineers of Anjera.

They may probably before long have to fight unavailingly to maintain the
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freedom which they cherish,—the right to shape their lives in their own way. Yet if the order which they represent is barbarism, I do not know that civilization will replace it for the better. In my ten days' stay at Larache I saw no man drunk, heard no brawling, met with no discourtesy,—for I cannot blame a fanatic preacher for seeing in me a symbol of what he detested, and he answered courtesy with courtesy. And on the morning of my departure, when I stood at dawn on the deck of the little steamer in the river and heard the *muezzin's* cry come vibrating through the clear air,—the chant which at that moment ran through all the Eastern world—I could not but feel a sympathy for that religion which is at least believed in as scarcely any other by all its votaries. A friend of mine explained to his Moorish servant that the Japanese had no God. The boy laughed contemptuously: "Why," he said, "does their corn not grow?" It was as if you had asked him to believe that there was no sun in their sky.

Stephen Gwynn.

THE RIGHTS OF SUBJECT RACES.

For the last hundred years the clashing demands of empire and nationality have been the leading problem of Europe—the leading problem outside the other great problems of the food, shelter, and development of the workpeople. It was at the root of the Napoleonic wars, and since the collapse of Napoleon's empire it has dominated European diplomacy. It is still the chief danger to European peace. Sometimes the ideal of empire has appeared to advance, sometimes the cause of nationality. The British, French, and Russian empires have largely increased their territory and their command over subject races. Germany has created

a new empire, holding sway over other races in Europe and Africa, and to a small extent in Asia. In the other hemisphere we have seen the United States taking a first step in imperialism. Among ourselves the ideal of empire has been greatly extended, and for some years it governed our politics, though ostensibly upheld for the advantage of our commerce and the good of the subject races themselves, while the old conceptions of the glories of conquest and lust for territory seemed to be slowly dying out.

Contrasted with these growing demands of empire, the triumphs of nationality have been equally remarkable.

Italy has shaken herself free from an alien empire, and from alien or Papal kings. The Turkish empire has been compelled to shed at least six different nationalities, five of which now enjoy liberty almost complete. Austria has conceded something very near to independence for the Magyars, and will probably do the same for the Czechs. Norway, though never a subject race, has established her right of nationality as a separate kingdom. Finland has re-asserted her liberties after Plehve's attempt to absorb her into an indistinguishable Russian empire. The South American States have achieved their freedom from the empires of Spain and Portugal. Finally, in our own empire, even Unionists are beginning to realize that it is impossible to govern Ireland without considering her nationality, and as to our outlying provinces, with the large exceptions of India, Egypt, and some native African districts, they have developed into national States that are in reality free and independent.

I am not pleading the advantage of belonging to small and free nationalities rather than to vast empires in which the attempt is made by some far-off central Government to reduce all its subjects to a dead level of language, thought, and custom. I only wish to show that, if empires have been extended, the ideal of nationality has grown with at least equal strength. History, in looking back upon the last century, already finds its favorite and most heroic figures in the men who have vindicated the rights of free nationality, rather than in those who have extended empires. The names of Byron, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Kossuth, and Parnell are the names beloved, and there have been many more. But my object in recalling them is to suggest that the kind of men whom history thus honors cannot be classed as reprobate outcasts beyond the protection of ordinary laws, or outside the usages

of average civilization. Yet, unless they are successful, that is how the supporters of a national cause are habitually classed and treated by the Governments of nearly all empires, and by their agents.

Unhappily, I can speak from a varied experience, both in times of nominal peace and in risings against oppression. I have seen how the Armenians under Turkish rule in Asia are being steadily exterminated or driven over the frontiers. I have seen something of the depopulation of the Congo, and the slavery in Portuguese Central Africa. I have seen the devastation and pillage and slaughter of Macedonia after the rising of 1903, and the similar devastation of the Georgian provinces at the foot of the Caucasus last year. I have seen the Nationalists among the Russian Poles and the Letts of the Baltic Provinces treated as no civilized Power would now venture to treat the troops or populations of any State but their own even in the most savage war. All this has happened within the last three and a-half years, and what one man can see represents a hardly perceptible fraction of what really occurs. I need not mention the Jews, whose sufferings are known to all the world. Nor do I try to shield our own empire by throwing blame on others. If I did, the dark rumors of Natal's methods in pacifying the Zulus would be brought up against me.

Such contradiction between the judgment of history and the common usage of most Governments is very remarkable. By Geneva Conventions and The Hague Conventions, the chief nations among mankind have agreed to regulate the methods of warfare in accordance with the "the usages established between civilized nations, the laws of humanity, and the requirements of the public conscience." (See The Hague Convention of 1899, for War on Land.) But subject races have no

share in the advantage of these regulations.

The least that the civilized Powers can do is to agree to a convention with regard to subject races similar to The Hague Convention, from which I have quoted. Such a convention would not ensure good government or security from ordinary oppression, but it would gradually ensure a limit to the atrocities of punitive expeditions and the suppressions of risings. There would be no direct means of enforcing its observance; there are no direct means of enforcing the terms of The Hague Convention as it stands. It all rests upon international public opinion—upon "the laws of humanity, and the requirements of the public conscience." But no one doubts that the cause of humanity has gained enormously by the mere statement and definition of the Convention's principles, and by the knowledge of each Power that a flagrant breach of its provisions will lead to exclusion from the comity of the civilized world. Ultimately this exclusion may even involve a refusal of loans, or a diplomatic boycott such as we imposed upon Serbia after the murder of her late King.

Inevitably the cry of interference with internal affairs will be raised. It is the same cry as was raised when the right of slave-owners to "wallop their own niggers" was first questioned. Within fifty years that cry has completely died away, and the claim of

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central Governments to torture, violate, slaughter in cold blood, and generally exterminate the members of a subject race will gradually be recognized as equally inhuman and absurd, even in times of rebellion. But, as a matter of history, the oppression of subject races has led to interference with internal affairs time after time. We, with other Powers, interfered on behalf of Greece eighty years ago, and on behalf of Crete ten years ago. France interfered on behalf of Italy in 1859, and Russia on behalf of Bulgaria in 1877, and five Powers are interfering, however feebly, on behalf of Macedonia now. The claim of Governments and empires to do what they like with their own, to practise any extreme of atrocity upon their subjects, and to disregard all the usages of civilized warfare in dealing with the rebellions and risings of subject races, has been the occasion of terrible wars within the last century; and for that reason alone, if for no other, the subject demands the attention of The Hague Conference. Or if it is too late now to extend the programme of the official delegates at the meeting in June, a subordinate and unofficial conference should be held simultaneously among representatives of the many British, European, and American societies, which have no other object to serve than the extension of freedom and the protection of the oppressed.

Henry W. Nevinnson.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The most hopeful symptom at present in the social politics of the United States is the attitude of the people towards President Roosevelt. That division of politics, as Mr. Roosevelt evi-

dently wished to intimate in his speech at the Jamestown tercentenary, is in a confused, and even dangerous, condition. Owing partly to that admixture of blood which, as the President pointed

out, has been continuous for three centuries, and partly to the enormous resources which Americans have discovered within their dominion, the dangers which now threaten it are not those which the founders of the Republic anticipated. They were great builders, and a hundred years after they were in their graves a million of men died to protect the Constitution which they had framed; but their foresight was not quite equal to their constructive capacity. The foresight of politicians rarely is. A few among them apprehended danger from the existence of slavery in their midst; but they did not foresee that slavery would produce in the South a civilization radically hostile to the civilization of the North, and they left the incipient cancer not cut out. A good many expected what used in our own country to be called "the ugly rush" of the masses against property, and provided against it in the Constitution itself; but none foresaw the industrial growth of the Union, or the bitterness which, under a régime of nominal equality, comparative poverty is certain to produce. It has produced it, nevertheless, to such an extent that strikes in the Union have frequently been petty civil wars which the State Militia have been unable to control; and no one, of course, foresaw such a development of wealth that many of its owners now rival the old Barons of Europe in audacity, influence, and, we must add, carelessness for any interests wider than their own. So savage have the differences of class become that the next election will be a struggle between the "Haves" and the "Have-nots," and the relation of the Trusts to the future of the Republic will be avowedly or secretly the pivot of the contest. There will be real danger, as the President acknowledges in his deeply significant speech of April 26th, that the Republic, which was to have been governed by a majority of more or less comfortable

freeholders, may pass under the sway either of a plutocracy or a mob. Either result, we need not say, would be fatal to the hopes which philanthropists throughout the world have founded on the growing prosperity and power of the great Republic,—the mightiest self-governing community which history records.

Amidst the many darkening clouds which are rolling up on the American horizon there is one definite spot of light. All depends upon the decision of the American people, who are, as the President says, in America the "sovereign" power, and the American people have decided that their real leader is Theodore Roosevelt. This is admitted by the opposite, or Democratic, party as much as by the Republicans who gave Mr. Roosevelt his place,—by those who distrust and detest his personality as much as by those who are devoted to his name. They all agree that if Theodore Roosevelt will stand for a third term resistance will be as impossible, or at all events as useless, as resistance to Abraham Lincoln proved to be at his second election in 1865. So intensely is this felt that Republicans denounce his threatened retirement as treason to the country, while Democrats believe that at the last moment he will be, as it were, stoned by opinion, and coerced against his own judgment and his own wishes into once more standing for the chair. Study that fact in the light of his record, and you will see that the immense majority of the people, who constitute, as he himself says, the true Sovereign of the States, *must* be clean of the wish to support either plutocracy or mob-rule,—that the people wish both to be avoided or put down, whatever the effect and whatever the sacrifice. This is the more remarkable because Mr. Roosevelt affronts and defies two other sections of the voters besides the

plutocracy and the mob; namely, those—and they are a multitude—who still consider State Rights more important than national clahs, and those—and they also are a multitude—who profit by the most visible disease of America, the prevalence of corruption in the Governments of the great cities. If, as all Americans declare, the heart of the American people goes out to Theodore Roosevelt, the heart of the American people is still pure; and whoever has been corrupted by the over-sudden access of wealth or by the spread of economic fallacies, it is not the American Nation. Mr. Roosevelt has not had occasion to fight pecuniary corruption as openly and strenuously as he has fought the Trusts and mob-rule, but his sentiments on the subject—we may add, his resolutions on the subject—are thoroughly understood. The “bosses” dread and hate him as much as the multi-millionaires do, or the managers of the fighting Trade-Unions.

It is a little difficult either to explain or to understand the sudden magnitude which the two economic questions have attained in America. The amazing success of the syndicates of capitalists called Trusts is due no doubt at bottom to Protection, without which their profits would be too uncertain to tempt them into such combinations. That explanation cannot, however, be complete, for the railway magnates are not protected by the tariff, and when Protection was at its zenith in Great Britain there were no syndicates. There must be something else, probably the absence of the temptation which exists in Europe, when great fortunes

have been accumulated to “go out of business,” and assume dignified positions among the leisured class. The excessive fierceness of the industrials, again, may be due in part to the alien blood which for a century has been pouring into the States in a stream of increasing volume, and which is now to a great extent Latin and Slavic blood, and in part to the natural action of a Republic in making all its citizens hate the very idea of inequality. It is, however, a curious fact to be carefully remembered that Republicanism, with its corollary, the right of self-government, though it extinguishes many evils, such as the permanent terror which arises from autocracy and the permanent servility which often accompanies Monarchy, does not extinguish, or even greatly diminish, social dangers of an acute kind. Socialism is much stronger in France, where the Republic is obviously succeeding, than in England, where newspapers still record the comings and goings of Monarchs as if they were the most important of occurrences, and where titles are still sought with almost unintelligible avidity. The probable truth is that, as human beings cannot look forward even for a day with any feeling of certainty, the founders of Constitutions cannot provide against all the evils those Constitutions will produce, or foresee the cross-currents of thought and feeling which will modify the working of institutions. Scotland is probably the most truly democratic country in the world, but there is no country in which the aristocracy hold a loftier or a safer position.

SOME ORATORS AT WESTMINSTER.

A distinctive feature of the twentieth century House of Commons is the disappearance of the orator. Time was, at and since the period of Pitt and Fox, when the House of Commons was a stage from which eminent men delivered elaborate discourses. Within my comparatively brief experience a great change has been wrought in this respect. There are many able men in the present Parliament; there is not a single one who poses as an orator. New times, above all new Rules of Procedure, make new manners. There really isn't time now for a Member to lay himself out for a two hours' speech, as was a common custom even so recently as a quarter of a century ago. With the House meeting at the prosaic hour of a quarter to three o'clock and abruptly closing debate at eleven, there is no opening for such elaborate performance.

Moreover, habit in respect of debate is changed. In the good old days 660 Members were content to form an audience enraptured by the eloquence of eight or ten. Now, with special wires feeding local papers, every one feels called upon to deliver a certain quantum of remarks on important Bills or resolutions brought before the House. The average Member has more satisfaction in talking than in listening. This, combined with disposition to regard progress of legislative business as of more importance than flowers of oratory, has completed the change of fashion. In these prosaic days a Member, however eminent, rising with evident intent of delivering a set oration, would first be stared at, then left to discourse to himself, the Speaker, and an admiring family circle in the Ladies' Gallery.

I remember in days that are no more a quite different state of things. In the Seventies, even in the Eighties, there were giants of oratory. Gladstone was the last survival. Even he towards the end of his career was influenced by the newer turn of thought which dominated Parliamentary debate. He could not help being eloquent when deeply moved; but he was more direct in his methods, less voluminous in his speech.

His manner in speech-making was more strongly marked by action than was that of his only rival, John Bright. He emphasized points by smiting the open palm of his left hand with sledgehammer fist. Sometimes he, with gleaming eyes, pointed his forefinger straight at his adversary. In hottest moments he beat the brass-bound Box with clamorous hand that sometimes drowned the point he strove to make. Again, with both hands raised above his head; often with left elbow leaning on the Box, right hand with closed fist shaken at the head of an unoffending country gentleman on the back bench opposite; anon, standing half a step back from the Table, left hand hanging at his side, right uplifted, so that he might with thumb-nail lightly touch the shining crown of his head, he trampled his way through the argument he assailed as an elephant in an hour of aggravation rages through a jungle.

It is no new thing for great orators to indulge in extravagant gestures. Peel had none; Pitt but few, these monotonous and mechanical. But Pitt's father, the great Chatham, knew how to flash his eagle eye, to flaunt his flannels and strike home with his crutch. Brougham once dropped on his

knees in the House of Lords, and with outstretched hands implored the Peers not to reject the Reform Bill. Fox was sometimes moved to tears by his own eloquence. Burke on a historic occasion brought a dagger into debate, and at the proper cue flung it on the floor of the House of Commons. Sheridan, when nothing more effective was to be done, knew how to faint. Grattan used to scrape the ground with his knuckles as he bent his body and thanked God he had no peculiarities of gesture. In respect of originality, multiplicity and vehemence of gesture, Gladstone, as in some other things, beat the record of human achievement.

Disraeli lacked two qualities, failing which true eloquence is impossible. He was never quite in earnest, and was not troubled by dominating conviction. Only on the rarest occasions did he affect to be roused to righteous indignation, and then he was rather amusing than impressive. He was endowed with a lively fancy and cultivated the art of coining phrases, generally personal in their bearing. When these were flashed forth he delighted the House. For the rest, at the period I knew him, when he had grown respectable and was weighted with responsibility, he was often dull. There were, indeed, in the course of a session, few things more dreary than a long speech from Dizzy. At short, sharp replies to questions designed to be embarrassing he was effective. When it came to a long speech the lack of stamina was disclosed, and the House listened to something which, if not occasionally incomprehensible, was frequently involved.

When he rose to speak he rested his hand for a moment on the Box, only for a moment, for he invariably endeavored to gain the ear of his audience by making a brilliant point in an opening sentence. The attitude he found most conducive to happy delivery was

to stand balancing himself on heel and toe with hands in his coat-tail pocket. In this pose, with head hung down as if he were mentally debating how best to express a thought just born to him, he slowly uttered the polished and poisoned sentences over which he had spent laborious hours in his study.

Those familiar with his manner knew a full moment beforehand when he was approaching what he regarded as the most effective place for dropping the gem of phrase he made-believe to have just dug up from an unvisited corner of his mind. They saw him lead up to it. They noted the disappearance of the hand in the direction of the coat-tail pocket, sometimes in search of a pocket-handkerchief brought out and shaken with careless air, most often to extend the coat-tails whilst, with body gently rocked to and fro and an affected hesitancy of speech, the *bon mot* was flashed forth. Not being a born orator, but a keen observer recognizing the necessity noted by Hamlet in his advice to the players of accompanying voice by action, he performed a series of bodily jerks as remote from the natural gestures of the true orator as the waddling of a duck across a stubble field is from the progress of a swan over the bosom of a lake.

John Bright, perhaps the finest orator known to the House of Commons in the last half of the nineteenth century, was morally and politically the antithesis of Disraeli. Before, in the closing years of a long life, he reached the unexpected haven of community with the Conservative Party on the question of Home Rule, political animosity passed by no ditch through the mire of which it might drag him. But it never accused him of speaking with uncertain sound, of denouncing to-day what yesterday he upheld.

To an orator this atmosphere of acknowledged sincerity and honest conviction is a mighty adjunct of power.

To it Bright added airy graces of oratory. He kept himself well in hand throughout his speech, never losing his hold upon his audience. His gestures were of the fewest. Unlike Disraeli's, they were appropriate because natural. A simple wave of the right hand and the point of his sentence was emphasized. Nature gifted him with a fine presence and a voice the like of which has rarely rung through the classic chamber. "Like a bell" was the illustration commonly employed in endeavor to convey an impression of its music. I should say like a peal of bells, for a

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single one could not produce the varied tones in which Bright suited his voice to his theme.

On the whole, the dominant note was one of pathos. Probably because all his great speeches pleaded for the cause of the oppressed or denounced an accomplished wrong, a tone of melancholy ran through all. For the expression of pathos there were marvelously touching vibrations in his voice, carrying to the listener's heart the tender thoughts that came glowing from the speaker's, clad in simple words as they passed his tongue.

Henry W. Lucy.

A TRANSFORMED LONDON.

London, which the late Grant Allen described in a warm moment as "a squalid village," has never yielded any delight to the admirers of the classic in cities. It has sprawled about the banks of the Thames in formless fashion ever since the first bridge thrown across determined the site of our capital. Its appeal has always been to the humanity in us. As a city, as an arrangement of buildings, it cannot even enter into competition, they tell us, with Vienna or with Paris. It is, they declare, put to shame by Brussels, Antwerp, Turin, Milan, Venice, Munich, and Boston (Mass.). Bath and Edinburgh can look down upon it. In modern times the desire to produce a beautiful city did not touch us while it was stirring other communities. As for the splendid remains of mediæval building that we might have boasted, as Brussels or Nürnberg boast them now, there was the Great Fire, which, what with burnings down and blowings up, swept most of Gothic London off the map. That calamity may have had the compensating advantage of cleansing the soil of the town of the bacteria of ages, and giving London a fresh sanitary

start, as Sir Walter Besant believed; but it certainly did not help the cause of beauty. The twentieth century however, which seems destined to see the first awakening of our nation to so many things, is already determined to hand on to the twenty-first a London that our fathers would not recognize, a London poor in the quaint, the gloomy, the mysterious, having none of those dark arches leading to unsuspected courts or riverside spaces that moved the young imagination of David Copperfield, none of those ancient, narrow, and grimy thoroughfares of which the departed Booksellers' Row was the type, none of the old homely squalor; a London rich in broad streets and tall buildings, with cleaner air and many trees and no "associations" to speak of. What will happen when the time comes for the posthumous honoring of the twentieth-century great? It is impossible to believe that the pleasant and inexpensive flats in Battersea, overlooking the Park, where A is writing his immortal songs at this moment and B creating the novel of our era, will ever gain any grace from antiquity. It is a fine, lofty block of building, quite

worthy to contribute to the general effect of a modern capital, but it is hard to see how it can ever become anything more than a detail in a street-plan, or contain for the pious tourist of the future any of that quaintness and dear absurdity that makes the homes and haunts of the great men of the past worth the trouble of hunting them out. London is to become like Paris, where you have to seek scientifically at the backs of great white buildings for the little that is left of the old town. The County Council knows what it wants, and has given us in the noble thoroughfares out of the Strand an earnest of the things to come. What is wanted, it is true, is not always the same as what is obtained. A siege, for instance, under modern conditions of bombardment, would affect the architectural character of a new London in a very marked manner.

A proper and natural accompaniment of the recent changes has been a flood of London books from the press. It is a time for haste if any record is to remain of the old London, and the pity is that the work is done in so scattered, unequal, and haphazard a way by so many individual hands, according to no plan. Sir Walter Besant's *Survey* was left incomplete, and cannot be taken seriously in the form in which it has come into the hands of the public. The older works of comprehensive character are out of date in the matters of history, of antiquarian knowledge, and especially in the all-important matter of illustration. The old London that is vanishing ought to be the subject of as fine a series of photographic pictures as the art of the camera can produce. But in default of any such organized effort to preserve the memories enshrined in that brick and stone, we must welcome the small books and wish posterity joy of the task of collecting and digesting them.

The latest of these to appear is Mr.

Austin Brereton's *Literary History of the Adelphi and Its Neighborhood*.¹

There is no quarter of London that is richer in the records of the heroes of London, no part that has arrested and kept more of the memory of that great tide of opulent human nature that has flowed through the English capital generation after generation. To name but a few of those who have honored the Adelphi is to call up a pageant of various splendors. In Durham House, which stood where now the buildings of the Adam brothers stand, dwelt Cranmer for a little. Anne Boleyn's father held it of the King after it had become part of the spoil of the Roman Church in England, and Elizabeth lived there in early days. A part of Philip Sidney's boyhood was passed there, and it was Walter Raleigh's London house for the twenty years preceding his melancholy fall. In those precincts the figures of Pepys and Johnson and Voltaire were well known in their days—the Frenchman lodged but a few yards from the Adelphi during his three years in England. At the end of that great century the Adam brothers replaced the tottering remains of Durham House by the well-planned streets, the fine terrace above the river, and the house for the Society of Arts that still remind us in the name of "Adelphi" of their fraternal labors. Garrick lived in a house on the Terrace, and died there—nor is that all the connection of the Adelphi with our theatre, for *Othello* was first published on its site, "at the Eagle and Child in Brittan's Bursse" in 1622; and nowadays (let us remind our author) Mr. Bernard Shaw lives a few doors from Garrick's house. In that same Terrace the famous charlatan Dr. Graham set up his Temple of Health, to which all the quality came; and there Emma Lyon, with whose name the country was afterwards to ring so long as it rang with Nelson's, imper-

¹ London: Treherne 10s. 6d. net.

sonated in Graham's service "Vestina, the Rosy Goddess of Health." In the Adelphi "Coutts'" stood for a hundred and sixty years, and there the greatest of British bankers, Thomas Coutts, made himself "the richest man in London." There, too, was founded the Savage Club; and there the "Savages" meet to-day—Laman Blanchard, who performed the superhuman feat of writing the Drury Lane pantomime for thirty-seven consecutive years, had to turn out of his house to make room for them. Thomas Hardy, then busy with architecture, lived on the Terrace

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in the sixties, and drew caricatures in pencil on the marble of the fine Adam's mantelpiece in his room. These are but few of the glories that Mr. Brereton's book has brought together. It is a useful contribution to the vast and scattered literature of our capital, and it will live in the libraries beyond the period of the favor that it will find with the public to-day; for the worthy work of the Scottish brothers must also go in time, and the little casket that they prepared for the housing of so much treasure of the spirit will be a memory like the rest.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's "The Birth of the Nation—Jamestown, 1607" (The Macmillan Co.) is written, of course, apropos of the Jamestown Exposition. Probably it would not have been written and published at this time, except for the observance of the tercentenary. But it is as far as possible from being a mere hack work, produced for an occasion. It is written in a charming style, after a sufficiency of research but without superfluous detail, and would have been an acceptable contribution to American history at any time. When history is told in this fashion, it becomes as engaging as fiction to readers young or old, and far more profitable.

Mr. Arthur Symons serves Browning and all Browning readers not already possessors of the book by republishing his "An Introduction to the Study of Browning." Long out of print, its place has been usurped by a flock of quite unnecessary "studies," and "appreciations," each one more "precious" than the last, and nearly all entirely unaware of that solid common sense,

that perfect acceptance of things as they are by which Browning made himself master of the Italian character, and also made himself dear to Italians, and a mystery to those desirous of finding something in his work which is not there; viz., their own mysticism. Now that this book reappears it may be hoped that the writers of "papers" and of "notes" will be content with silence for a time. An opening paper on "General Characteristics," a summary of each poem, long or short, a Bibliography of English editions, and an index of poems compose the volume. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Dickensian observes that lovers of the works of Charles Dickens are continually finding opinions in them which are most applicable to present-day circumstances; and it cites this instance:

In "Bleak House," readers learn that Mrs. Jellyby neglected her husband, her children, and household duties, in order to attend to the subject of Africa, "with a view to the general

cultivation of the coffee berry—and the natives—and the happy settlement, on the banks of the African rivers, of our superabundant home population." Mr. Jarndyce, on requesting Esther Summerson to inform him what she and Ada Clare thought of Mrs. Jellyby, received a reply which may interest those who are wondering what became of husband and children during the time the Suffragette was engaged at Westminster "fighting" for her vote. The following is the reply Mr. Jarndyce received to his question: "We thought that perhaps it is right to begin with the obligations of home, sir; and that, perhaps, while those are overlooked and neglected, no other duties can possibly be substituted for them."

The "sorrowful splendid past" of the civil war has few names of young men on its death-list more worthy of eulogy than Charles Russell Lowell's, and his "Life and Letters" of which Mr. Edward W. Emerson has made a volume, must, even now, forty years after his death, be counted among the memorable books of the season. In his great kinsman's poetry his figure is forever enshrined as it seemed in its last great moment of sacrifice, but the story of the ways which brought him to that noble end has not attained the immortality of a book until now. Mr. Emerson guards himself against undue enthusiasm with caution almost unique among American biographers, and hardly equalled by any one except Mr. Charles Francis Adams, but perhaps wise in these days when new men have arisen who knew not Joseph, and find it brilliantly clever to disparage the deeds of arms that would never have tempted them to part their

tepid souls and well-fed bodies. The letters of General Lowell himself are supplemented by many others written to him or about him by his friends, the fine flower of the State in their day, but his own show a wonderfully fine character, and give the reader a possession forever, a vision of young knighthood. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Under the apt and alluring title of "Nature's Craftsmen" Dr. Henry C. McCook groups in one delightful volume the fruits of long study of those tiny creatures of the insect world,--ants, bees, wasps, spiders, etc. whose busy lives and diverting traits escape the ordinary observation and are known to comparatively few even of Nature lovers and students. The book is scientific, in the sense of being an accurate record of close and affectionate study; and it is popular, in the sense of being written in a style so pleasing and so free from technical detail as to be easily understood by the unscientific reader. If it is true that the undevout astronomer is mad, it is scarcely less true of the entomologist; for from the almost infinitely little as well as from the infinitely great lessons on the Divine wisdom and beneficence are to be drawn. Dr. McCook's work is not less valuable because he is not blind to this aspect of his subject. Some chapters of the book have appeared in Harper's Magazine and other periodicals, but a large part is new and so much as is old has been rewritten and rearranged. One hundred or more illustrations from nature add to the interest and attractiveness of these charming nature-studies. Harper & Bros.